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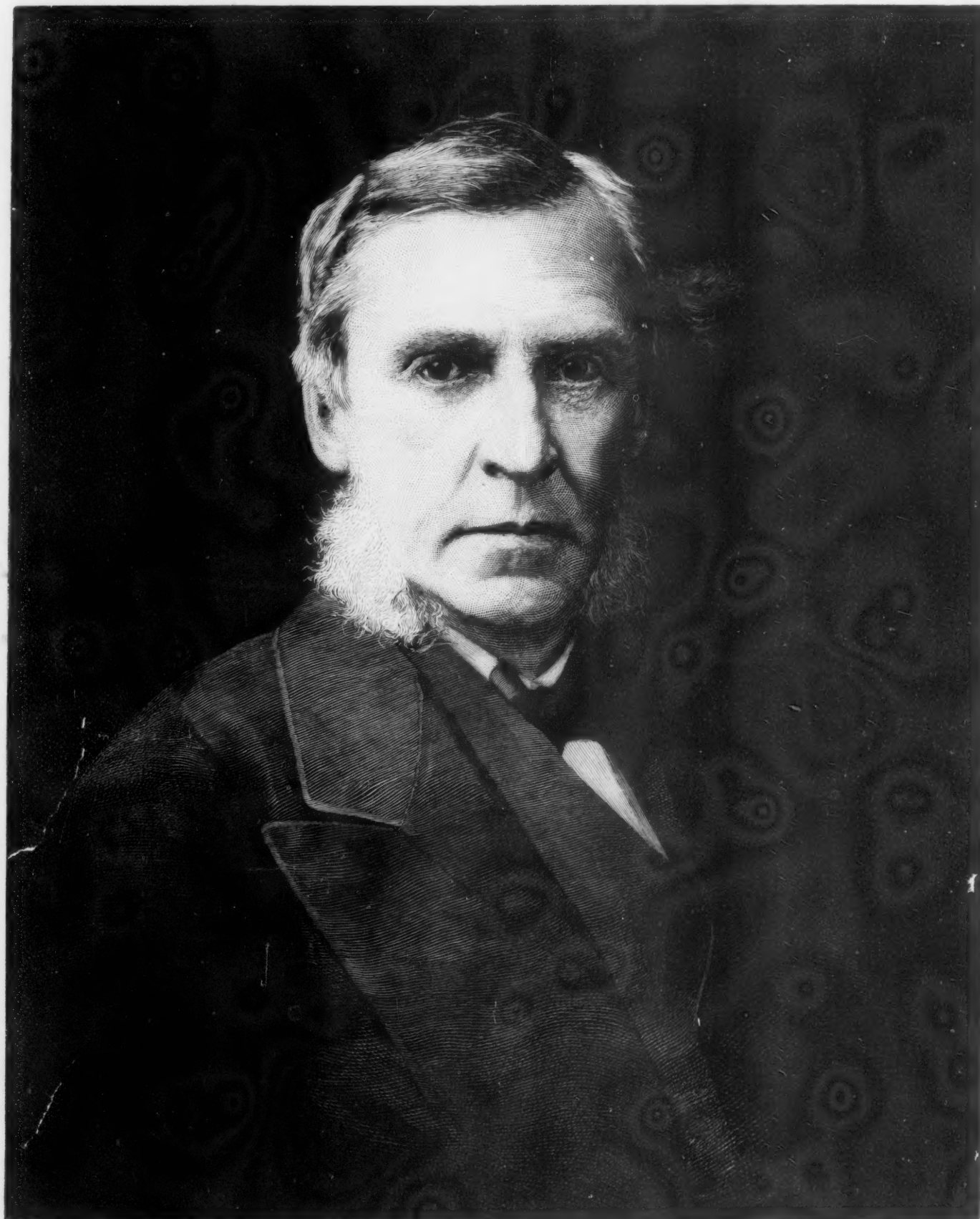
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

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JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, THE ENGLISH HISTORIAN.

ONCE A WEEK

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PETER FENELON COLLIER,

No. 521 West 13th Street, New York.

Communications in reference to manuscripts, or connected with the literary department, should be addressed to "ONCE A WEEK."

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned hereafter unless stamps are forwarded with the same for return postage. Bulky manuscripts will be returned by express.

We don't want short stories. All correspondents who send us short stories or poems will be expected to keep copies thereof. We cannot be responsible for their return.

In answering advertisements appearing in the columns of this paper, our readers are particularly requested to always state that they saw the announcement in ONCE A WEEK.

247. The publisher will keep the advertising columns free from all objectionable advertisements as far as possible and will not guarantee anything which may appear as paid advertising matter.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

QUEEN VICTORIA is opposed to woman suffrage.

THERE are few of Europe's female royalties who do not smoke cigarettes.

ONE firm in New York prints seven thousand Bibles a day, all the year round.

AMBASSADOR THOMAS FRANCIS BAYARD will return to England in time to eat his Thanksgiving turkey there.

MRS. H. RIDER HAGGARD is noted for her good taste in dressing.

THERE are more than three hundred female pharmacists in the United States.

"THE Chambered Nautilus" was Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's favorite of his own works.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Sweden's national hero, ascended the throne at eighteen. He was killed in battle at the head of his troops.

DID the Hon. William L. Wilson of West Virginia measure the full force and seriousness of a recent utterance before he made it?

In the heat of partisan declamation certain Republican journals asserted or intimated sometime ago that Mr. Wilson returned from his recent trip to England with abundance of British gold to influence the Congressional elections here this fall. Speaking to his constituents in the mountain districts of West Virginia, October 18, Mr. Wilson came back at these calumniators with the statement that if he wanted gold he could easily get it here from the trusts and monopolies, and would not have to go to England for it. At least, so Mr. Wilson was reported in a dispatch to New York newspapers dated October 18.

I SHOULD be glad to hear that Mr. Wilson was not correctly reported; but, if he was, he certainly owes an explanation to the intelligent voters of the country who are not caught by declamation on either side. Was he approached by the trusts and monopolies here before he went to England? Or did he mean that, in his opinion, he could have got American monopolistic gold for the asking, and on condition of withdrawing his new tariff scheme?

If he was approached, we should all of us know all about it. If he merely thought he could get the gold as aforesaid, is such a statement worthy of the author of the new tariff scheme, based on free raw materials, and destined to open the markets of the world to American commerce and manufactures?

THE Hon. William L. Wilson has the floor, and it is not too late yet to tell the country what he meant in

his speech to his constituents in West Virginia, October 18. The columns of ONCE A WEEK are open for his explanation. Readers in every State of the Union will see what he has to say, if he accepts this invitation, which is cordially extended. This is a matter of national importance, and should receive the widest possible national prominence. Let Mr. Wilson speak out. He is a man of courage, and lucidity of statement. His meaning should not remain obscure or doubtful.

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT LEVI P. MORTON has a four-thousand-dollar mantelpiece at Ellerslie, and ex-Secretary William C. Whitney has two that cost twenty-seven hundred dollars each at his country seat.

It is not generally known that the great Napoleon sought literary honors in his early years. He wrote "The Count of Essex," a play; "The Masque Prophete," a story; and a dialogue entitled "Le Souper de Beaumais," which met with some favor and was printed at public expense.

"Is a year and a half's residence in England, and most of the time in the city of London, I have never seen a policeman with a baton or stick in his hand; I have not seen a blow struck by one; I have never heard violent language from one; I have not even seen violence or heard a jest from one."—*Extract from the Wilmington speech of Ambassador Bayard.*

Now it would be interesting to have the private opinion of Ambassador Pannecote about the police of New York. Will the distinguished diplomatic agent of Great Britain do us the honor to live a year and a half in this metropolis, and then go home to say nice things of America—especially of the American police, and above all of New York's "finest in the world"? I should like to hear him explaining how often he found a policeman without a baton or stick in his hand. I should like to hear him tell how many blows he saw policemen deliver with batons or sticks, and how many bad words he heard them utter, and how many bad drinks he saw them swallow on the sly.

BUT, seriously, our police authorities might profit by the hints in Ambassador Bayard's speech. It is a fact that the English police never use violence except in the very last extremity, because they are not permitted to do so even in cases of the most hardened criminals. In New York nothing has been more common than for a policeman to crack the skull of an unfortunate drunkard resisting arrest. Nay, cases have been known where the valiant police drew revolvers and actually fired upon citizens whose offenses were of the most trivial character. Such conduct would not be tolerated in London or other large European cities.

THE Japanese have a Red Cross society finely organized, the Empress having contributed eighty thousand dollars toward its maintenance.

NEXT Tuesday will witness the biggest vote ever cast in New York and Brooklyn, the registration exceeding that of any former year.

THE Japanese are still bending every effort to reach Peking, the difficulties of the campaign increasing with the cold weather. China realizes that the Capital is the objective point of the enemy. She is increasing her military force there and arming her legions of raw recruits with Austrian and German rifles. She has also massed a hundred thousand troops at Tien-Tsin, the key to Peking. Meantime there is no lack of volunteers for Count Yamagata's invincible army and provisions are being sent to the front constantly. These include considerable quantities of American canned meat. Query: Can this have anything to do with the fighting quality of the Japs?

BLARNEY CASTLE in Ireland is over four centuries old.

ALEXANDER L. King of Serbia, is only eighteen years old.

THREE BILLION dollars is probably a fair estimate of the market value of all the real estate in New York, and nearly one-third of the amount is owned by one hundred and seventeen individuals and estates. Of this third, William Waldorf and John Jacob Astor, Robert and Ogden Goelet, and Amos R. Eno own one-tenth, so that these five men own about one thirty-fifth of all New York. And the tendency is to further centralization of land ownership. Unless conditions change, men living to-day will see half, instead of a third, of New York included in the estates of the fortunate hundred and seventeen. Nor is this true of the metropolis alone. The same tendency exists in every city in the land, and to a lesser degree in the country districts. You and I and all of us, my dear reader, are laboring for these landlords, for to live we must have a foothold on the land and for that foothold we must pay what the owner demands.

ONE of the great interests of Japan is the exportation of sulphur, in which she stands first among the nations.

KENTUCKY is the greatest tobacco State, and Massachusetts the first in fisheries.

AT the World's Fair in Antwerp the United States carried off one hundred and twenty-two prizes of all grades; France carried off one hundred and fifty-nine grand prizes. But then France always had a pull up there. She is a sister republic anyhow—and here is to her. Our cousins in England and the Colonies only got twenty-one; but as they have the money, they can stand the Antwerp low rating.

I HAVE a suggestion to make to General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army. Will General Booth consider it?

THE world knows that the Army has reached a class of sinners that no regular church organization could reach in the regular course of church work. It is known further that many of these converts are in the first instance challenged, as it were, in their downward course by the perverted appeals of Salvation Army workers, and that they are sustained in their new-found course of comparative sinlessness by what may be termed a somewhat artificial religious enthusiasm.

I AM aware this is true also of many converts in the regular church organizations, but these have the advantage of soon discovering that their change of heart is rather imaginary than real. The grim reality of fact soon stares them in the face—that no conversion is genuine without extraordinary personal effort, and a persistent adherence to the right, with great watchfulness and much self-repression, and "suffering to be strong."

IN the Army conversion the feelings and the imaginings of the individual enter more largely into the process, than in the regular church conversion; the reason and judgment, and the stern requirements of the struggle, play a much less prominent part than in the churches.

INSTEAD of keeping these converts for himself, why could not General Booth turn them over, after a time, each convert to his or her own choice of church organization? Once back to the church from which he had strayed, or which he now chooses for himself, the reclaimed sinner would be thrown upon the only safe reliance of true religiousness—namely, a thorough realization that he must at last face the struggle which he once gave up, and that that struggle is now not any easier, at all events, than it was before.

AFTER giving the churches these recruits, the Army could continue to pick up the tempted and the fallen in the lanes and by-ways. There is no church but would then be willing to co-operate with the Salvation Army.

THE new United States steamer Maine is the fastest battle-ship afloat.

THE number of Single Tax clubs in the United States has increased from seventy to eighty-six this fall. Brooklyn has the largest number of clubs, and St. Louis next.

THE Japanese are remarkably proficient in tattooing. In Tokio alone it is estimated that there are thirty thousand more or less tattooed men. The Government utilizes the custom in the peculiar ring branded around the elbow of criminals.

GENERALS YEH, WEH and Lung have been degraded for incompetency. They should congratulate themselves on not having been bastinadoed as well. The Japanese have a powerful ally in the Chinese Emperor, who follows every victory of the invaders by an onslaught on his own troops.

OHIO has furnished a salutary example of the punishment of lynchers. A negro named Jasper Dolby had been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, and the mob, dissatisfied with the verdict, threatened to take the law in their own hands. They did get possession of the man, but the militia fired on them, recaptured the prisoner, and killed four of the mob and wounded a number of others. If all would-be lynchers were dealt with in the same summary manner, these gross outrages would cease. Lynching is always significant of cowardice, and the perpetrators are no less murderers because there are many against one.

THE National Capital claims the earliest efforts of several histrionic celebrities—Joseph Jefferson, Stuart Robson, Alice Hosmer and Robert Downing being among the number. Jefferson made his debut at the old Ninth Street theatre, and first appeared as Rip Van Winkle at Currier's Hall. Robson had been a typesetter on the Washington Star, and entered the theatrical profession in that city. Alice Hosmer was born there, and refuted the old saw concerning prophets in their own country on the occasion of her first professional appearance in grand opera, as Adelgisa in "Norma."

A CERTAIN large restaurant, where a friend is wont to take his coffee and rolls of a morning, is so much frequented by policemen that he recently asked the head waiter the cause of this extensive blue-coat patronage. "Well, you see we fill all police orders at half price," he

said. "Oh! yes, it pays. Once in a while we have an obstreperous or tipsy customer who causes trouble and we have to send for a policeman. Then the man always gets the worst of it, and we know that he will whether he's in the right or not; so it pays us even if we do feed fifty or sixty of the blue-coats at half price. Then there's the advertising feature of it. The policemen who eat here always recommend our restaurant to strangers."

THOUGH it is almost thirty years since the close of the Civil War, there are nearly a million pensioners on the rolls. Sixteen years ago there were less than a quarter of a million, and the disbursements were something like twenty-seven million dollars. The Government pays its ex-soldiers well over a hundred million dollars annually now.

LOUIS XVI. had thirty physicians and one hundred and fifty pages; Cardinal de Rohan's meals had to be cooked in silver vessels; Nero could only fish with gold hooks, and Caligula decked his horse with a collar of pearls and fed him from an ivory trough. Truly some of the celebrities of history have not been without folly.

THE wealthiest man in England is the Duke of Westminster.

THE deposed Viceroy Li Hung Chang speaks six languages.

WHY is it so unusual to get good coffee? You can get good meats, good vegetables, good tea and pure milk at the average moderate-priced restaurant or hotel or at almost any well-kept boarding-house; but good coffee! to find it is like finding an oasis in a desert. What the boarding fraternity drinks pretty generally is a decoction of chicory with a dash of coffee in it.

AN enterprising retail firm has recently devised three novel modes of advertising. The first was to put a large assortment of canes in the show-window on Sunday with the announcement that they would be sold for thirty cents apiece on Monday, twenty-five cents on Tuesday, twenty cents on Wednesday, and so on till all that remained would go for five cents each on Saturday. The second scheme was to paint the large show-window in such a manner as to make it appear broken, and to place above the fractured glass a sign offering five hundred dollars reward for the apprehension of "the person who threw this stone." The sidewalk was thronged, and many drifted into the store. The latest scheme was to offer the Columbian half-dollars for forty-nine cents apiece. It was simply giving fifty cents for forty-nine cents, but thousands flocked to the store and the advertisement paid enormously.

RECENT events have raised the question, Does the savage need religion? Or does not civilized man need religion more than the savage does?

SOCIAL reform movements, and the industrial inquiry into the condition of the very poor who toil or seek to toil, have brought to the surface a condition of affairs in this country that is truly appalling, from a moral standpoint. Modern civilization has made the struggle for existence keen, sharp and in many cases insupportable. Among savages there are no such terrible inequalities as those which obtain in our great centres of wealth and population. In the midst of these inequalities and social struggles, religion would seem to be about the only comforter, the only restraining force to cope with an almost irrepressible rebellion against the fierceness and deadliness of the struggle.

ON the other hand, the savage has but the natural law to follow, and if he follows it, he does not need any other religion. In view of this fact, is it not about time to call in the foreign missions and give them something to do at home? The question is, at all events, well worth considering.

JAPAN'S Parliament has passed a bill to raise one hundred and fifty million dollars for war expenses. Her army and navy cost a million dollars a day. If the Celestials are to repay it, as the Japs declare, it is to the interest of the Child of the Sun to settle the bill as speedily as possible.

AMONG American immigrants since 1880 nearly a half-million have been Swedes. Our exports to Sweden amount to nearly eight million dollars a year, and our imports from that country are over two millions.

RICHARD M. GRIFFIN is probably the oldest reporter in the country. He is over eighty, and covers Police Headquarters for the Albany Post.

MADAGASCAR has a native army twice as large as that of the United States, armed with modern rifles and trained by English officers.

THE Civil Service Commissioners of New York have recommended the dismissal of seven policemen on the charge that they obtained their positions through fraudulent examinations. It is significant at this time that fifteen policemen, including three sergeants and four detective sergeants, have asked to be retired.

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD will be retired on November 8, and army circles are rife with rumors as to the identity of his successor. Brigadier-General Thomas H. Ruger, the senior officer of his rank, has the best claim, but is understood to be making no canvass in his own behalf.

In the September number of the *Strand* magazine Mary Spencer-Warren gives an interesting account of the King and Queen of Denmark, who, in a way, are the most prominent of the royal couples of Europe. They are the parents of the Empress of Russia, the King of Greece and the Princess of Wales; their remaining children are Frederick, the Crown Prince, the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Valdemar. The King is much beloved by his people and is often seen in the streets of Copenhagen, quite unattended, looking in the shop windows or stopping to gaze at any spectacle of interest, always acknowledging the respectful salutations of the people. He is very active for his age—seventy-six—but lives a somewhat retired life. His grandson, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, is an expert bicycle rider, and may be seen almost daily in Copenhagen riding in the undress uniform of the Life Guards.

ONE of the English weeklies remarks as follows: "You who are studying elocution and the art of declaiming should practice the following sentence until you can repeat it rapidly and glibly, and then the most difficult phrase will come trippingly to the tongue: 'A thistle sifter with a sieve of sifted thistles and a sieve of unsifted thistles throw away the sifted thistles instead of the thistles on the sieve of unsifted thistles.'" Try also to say rapidly, "She sells sea shells."

CAROLUS DURAN, the great French portrait painter, is fifty-five years old. He won his first Salon medal at the age of twenty-seven.

ONE of the most famous ex-Cabinet officials is Richard W. Thompson, at one time Secretary of the Navy. He is eighty-four years old, and has known every President of the United States except Washington and Adams.

THE strong hand of the criminal courts is appearing in the big police game. A number of policemen, most of them officers, have been arrested for bribery. The maximum penalty for conviction in such cases is sufficiently severe—ten years imprisonment, a fine of five thousand dollars, or both. The troubles of this degraded squad had only begun with their dismissal through the untiring efforts of the Lexow Committee.

EUGENE KELLY, the banker, owns three million dollars' worth of real estate in New York City; Theodore A. Havemeyer, the sugar king, owns two million dollars' worth; while the New York estates of John D. Rockefeller, the oil magnate, and ex-Secretary William C. Whitney, are valued at over a million dollars each. The above amounts represent only a small portion of the wealth of these men.

MR. GEORGE J. GOULD is, at this writing, in the West with that thorough sportsman, Colonel Cody, owner of the "Buffalo Bill" name and Wild West Show. The Colonel must be a millionaire himself by this time. I hope so. He and Mr. Gould are going to have a shy at the quails of Missouri and at the prairie chickens on the Colonel's ranch on the Platte. Mr. Gould expects to take a look at the Southwestern Gould Lines between the quail and the prairie chicken. It is highly probable they will have a good time—a species of recreation, by the way, that Mr. Gould is buying a great deal of lately with much taste and good judgment—for a millionaire.

THREE more days and the political contests throughout the country will be decided. It looks like a Republican year, and that party is counting on a veritable landslide in its favor. The Democrats expect defeat in nearly all doubtful districts, and will be satisfied if they can hold a narrow majority in the next Congress. The Populists, who have affiliated with the Democrats in the West and the Republicans in the South, are confident of gaining a few new members. In New York, there has never been such a political muddle as the present one. Democratic candidates have been put up and knocked down in the most unaccountable fashion, and nominations have gone begging. The chances are that the great Tammany Tiger will be worsted, but it is making a hard fight and the contest is too close to make predictions.

If there is a Republican landslide next Tuesday, we will be regaled with the old cry that the Democracy is buried forever. We always hear it of one party or another after a serious defeat. On both occasions of Cleveland's election there were innumerable wisecracks who proclaimed that the Republican party was dead as confidently as others asserted that the Democracy had passed away when General Harrison was elected in 1888. These boisterous sextons bury politicians with the same unseemly haste. They held post-mortems on Cleveland six years ago and on McKinley and Hill in 1894, but

the trio are all pretty lively corpses at the present writing. Parties do not die easily; neither do politicians.

THAT reminds me that William Campbell Preston Breckinridge was supposed a month ago to have been buried for all time by the indignant Blue Grass voters of Kentucky. Even the ladies metaphorically stamped the sod above the remains of the disgraced Congressman. Politically he was declared to be as dead as a door nail. That meant very dead indeed, though one Charles Dickens persisted in his refusal to concede that door nails were deadlier than any other kind, and thoughtfully suggested coffin screws as a symbolical substitute.

Now, this same Breckinridge, defeated for re-election to Congress only the other day, has set his eyes on the United States Senate, and a prospective member of the Legislature has already been instructed to vote for the erstwhile political corpse.

THE Princeton football eleven must improve a good deal if the prospective game with Yale is to be a close one.

THE Texas Capitol is the seventh largest building in the world.

ACCORDING to Ralph B. Goddard, the sculptor, the twelve great apostles of modern English literature are Tennyson, Longfellow, Emerson, Carlyle, Whittier, Lowell, Poe, Dickens, Thackeray, Browning, Hawthorne and Bryant.

My esteemed contemporary, Joseph Howard, defines a pessimist as a man who finds a worm in every chest-nut.

THE Hawaiians still hope to have their valuable islands annexed to the United States. Governmental policy is ever an uncertain quantity. Uncle Sam went down into his pocket for the purchase of Alaska and yet refuses Hawaii as a gift. Perhaps the old gentleman will be more complaisant after the passing of Grover Cleveland.

LEE JONES, a Chicago man, has been elected captain of the Yale freshmen football eleven.

THE Woman's Bicycle Club of this city, at a recent meeting, discussed ways and means for the punishment of men and boys who laugh at the bloomer costume worn by some of the members of the club. One of the members always found that "when you slap a man once real hard, he will let you alone." Very likely. But the better way would be to let the laughing villains laugh. In the meantime the public will get used to the bloomers, and the great reform will have come to stay.

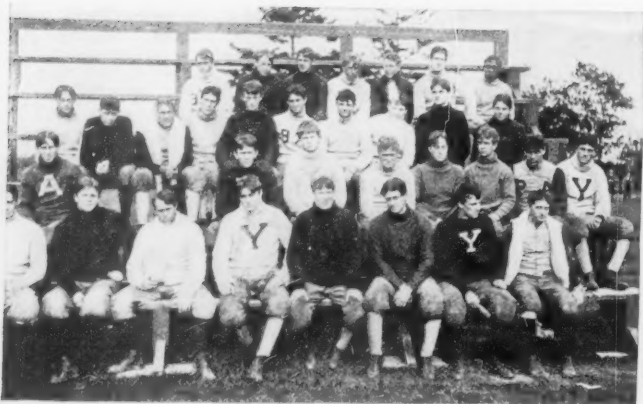
BELGIUM has a compulsory voting law. Judging from the unusually large registration in the Empire State this fall a very compulsory condition seems to confront New York voters. Well, everybody ought to vote. It is a patriotic duty, and the New Yorker who will shirk it, or the wife who will let him, must have little appreciation of the lively time we are going to have here next month.

NEARLY six thousand steamers fly the British flag, eight hundred the German, the Norwegian, French and Swedish pennants each wave over about five hundred steamers, while only four hundred and thirty hoist Old Glory. Yet the United States ought to stand first in the carrying trade of the world.

THE Government is experiencing some difficulty in stopping bull-fighting in Southern France.

ALEXANDER III., Czar of Russia, is dying, and will probably have breathed his last before this issue of ONCE A WEEK reaches its readers. He was born March 10, 1845, being the second son of Alexander II., who fell a victim to Nihilist dynamite in 1881. His elder brother having died in 1865, he succeeded his ill-fated father on the Russian throne. It is hard to estimate the character of a man so dominated by precedent as Alexander III. It has been said that he would not have chosen to succeed to the shadowed throne of his father could he have done otherwise, and the statement is probably true, for it darkened his life and shortened his days.

TRoubles have multiplied thick and fast about his death-bed. The Czarina is ill, Grand Duke George, his second son, is dying, and the official atmosphere is heavy with rumors concerning the intrigue of his oldest son and heir with the Jewish dancer, Keszinska, one of the proscribed race in Russia. It was this affair that induced the stricken Czar to hasten the nuptials of his son with the Princess Alix. The proud title of Czarina will be hers, but it is impossible to foretell to what extent her youthful husband will be swayed by the Polish dancing girl. Better had it been for the dying Czar had he been spared from the Russian throne and allowed to marry the sweetheart of his youth, the daughter of the noble poet Metcherski, who died of a broken heart a year after they were forced asunder.



JORD ROND HATCH SALE BASS PATTERSON BRISSETT
 HEATON SPEER WARD HARRIS BEDFORD FINCH MORRIS YOUNG A. HIGDON WHEELWRIGHT
 LESTON GREENWAY CLADWICK DE WITT L. HINCKEY LINDEWEYER MURRAY-BEARD
 STILLMAN WHIPPLE FRINCKE M. CRED THORNE CROSBY BROWN GILLETTE
 YALE TEAM AND SUBSTITUTES



ABOUT TO GO AROUND THE LEFT END No. 2



THORNE ABOUT TO GO THROUGH THE LINE No. 4



DOWN AFTER A TACKLE No. 7



No. 8 DOWNED!!



No. 1 READY FOR THE SIGNAL



QUARTER BACK ABOUT TO PASS THE BALL TO THE RIGHT No. 3



LINE UP FOR THE FIRST DOWN No. 5



RIGHT HALF BACK CARRYING THE BALL ROUND LEFT END No. 6



JUMPING ON A RUNNER TO PREVENT HIS CRAWLING No. 9

FOOTBALL PRACTICE AT YALE.

(From instantaneous photos by our staff photographer.)



GREAT SUICIDES OF HISTORY

FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE TAKEN THEIR OWN LIVES.

YES, it was only the other day that one of the greatest philanthropists of Europe, Baron Jeogfried Mundy, ended his own life in Vienna. He was rich, titled, born to the highest station. Yet he gave not only his fortune and his position, but his life as well, to the service of the poor and suffering. He founded the Great Samaritan, or Ready Aid Society of Vienna, which has now been imitated all over the Continent. He became a physician, and yet throughout his long life he never accepted a penny for all his services to the State or the people. He faced the cholera in Russia and the plague in Constantinople. His charity was cosmopolitan; it knew no bounds, no country. When he died he had left only the little income he had reserved for his daily need. He was given an official burial. That is to say, he was buried in disgrace. None of the great societies of which he was a member, nor the charities which he had founded were represented at his funeral. Nevertheless, there was an immense concourse of the Viennese poor who had learned to bless and reverence his name.

This good, this great, this Christ-like man was a suicide. He drowned himself in the Prater. He was seventy-four years old, honored and loved throughout the Empire. There seemed no possible motive for his act. Yet he was perfectly sane. He had simply wearied of life.

Apparently our modern world has not yet outgrown its curious mediaeval prejudice against a man who takes his own life. Yet a complete list of the great suicides of history would include half the celebrated names of antiquity and many of the most famed of modern times. The greatest poet, the greatest orator, the greatest philosopher, the greatest general, and the two most famous women of ancient times—Homer, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Hannibal, Sappho and Cleopatra were all suicides. In this same list would be some of the wisest, the most humane, the most heroic, the most talented, the bravest, the kindest, and the most agreeable men and women who ever lived.

Let us run down the list. It is recorded that Homer, wandering blind through Greece and spurned by seven cities, ended his life because he could not solve the famous "fisherman's puzzle," which in the time of the Greeks answered very much to the 15-14-16 puzzle of our own day. He wrote a poem which has been translated into almost every known tongue upon earth.

In this same far-gone day, on the Island of Mitylene, lived a woman whose songs, after a lapse of twenty-five centuries, are still the most perfect ever written by a woman. This was Sappho. She was honored in her own day, and great philosophers and celebrities came to pay her homage. But her lover proved unkind, and in despair she threw herself from the Lesbian Rock. The spot is still pointed out to modern travelers in the Grecian Archipelago.

For that matter the greatest of the Greeks for five centuries were suicides. Demosthenes, whose eloquence has survived the corroding touch and gnawing tooth of time, poisoned himself with a virus which he carried in the point of a pen.

Empedocles, the philosopher, grew weary of life and threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius.

Cleanthes, another philosopher, was afflicted with disease. His physician prescribed severe dieting, and so great was his pleasure at the surcease of pain that he refused to eat anything whatever, and the wise man starved himself to death.

Aristarchus did likewise. Themistocles, a brave Greek, was ordered to lead the Persians against his own countrymen. Rather than do it he killed himself.

At the age of eighty-nine, the philosopher Zeno fell and broke his thumb. He construed it as an evil omen and betook himself from earth.

Mithradates, surnamed the Great, was king of Pontus. He lived to an advanced age, and, growing weary of life, put it aside.

In Biblical history, there are many suicides. Sampson, to revenge himself upon his enemies, pulled down the pillars of the Temple.

Saul, rather than fall into the hands of the Philistines, took



BOULANGER

his own life. Eliezer, Achitophel and Judas Iscariot were all self-murderers. There were others.

Among the Romans, there was a time when suicide was almost a mania. It was a time when the republic had reached its highest stage of civilization, when poetry and art and eloquence flourished and made the name of Rome immortal. It is a remarkable fact that in the savage age of Rome there were no suicides. The latter came with civilization and culture.

Shakespeare has pictured the deaths of four of the greatest names of the day. Brutus and Cassius committed suicide when they were defeated by Octavius Caesar. At that time the name of Brutus stood for integrity and honor and high purpose throughout the Roman world.

Marc Antony thought his mistress was unfaithful and ran himself upon his sword.

When Cleopatra heard the news she took the asp into her bosom. It might be said in passing that Cleopatra was not an Egyptian, but a Greek. This accounts for her charm.

Cato, the Younger, was reputed a just and wise man. He was an enemy of tyrants. He fought Caesar with all his strength—fought to save the republic from a dictatorship. When Caesar triumphed, he fell upon his sword.

Torrence was among the most famous of Roman poets. He lost his collection, and in despair drowned himself.

Labienus had his works condemned to be burned. He preferred death to such a humiliation.

Portia, who was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, committed suicide by eating burning coals.

One of the greatest philosophers of that or any other time was Seneca. His "Moral" are still read by all who admire a noble life, and high, unselfish thought. He wrote much on suicide—said it was the privilege of all and the refuge of the oppressed, and when life hung heavily upon him he chose that method of release.

Lucretius was probably the deepest thinker, as well as one of the greatest poets, of the Augustan age. He anticipated by eighteen centuries the theories which the discoveries of Darwin introduced to our own time. He lived near to the age of forty-three, when his wife deserted him. Philosopher as he was, he could not survive the pain which her act caused. He killed himself.

Demoches scalded himself to death.

Nero, after such a reign as history never knew before or since, cut his own throat rather than be given up to his enemies.

In the following year the Emperor Otho, who had succeeded him, gathered a brilliant party of friends at his dinner-table. He dismissed them with the graciousness that is still a part of his fame, and then calmly took his own life.

Hamibal thought to put the Roman Empire under his feet. He failed, and in his disappointment he committed suicide.

All these men lived in days of enlightenment. After them came the Dark Ages. Civilization slumbered. Superstition reigned. There was no learning, no culture. The people were savage and barbaric. There were few suicides. When the world emerged again from darkness, when the Renaissance came, genius and suicide again took their abode among men.

Robert Burton wrote the "Anatomy of Melancholy." It was a treasury of apt quotation and brilliant wit. He revised it again and again, and when he had brought it to suit his taste he committed suicide.

Sir John Suckling was a poet. You will find his verses in any volume of *Lyra elegantiarum*. He also was a suicide.

So was Maitland of Lethington, who died in 1573; and so was the Earl of Essex, who died just a century later.

It is recorded that Vatel, the famous chef of Louis XIV., took his life in despair because the fish did not arrive in time for dinner.

Blount, the deist, who took his life near the close of the seventeenth century, was pointed out by pious people of that day as an example of the awful fate which would overtake an unbeliever—a "miscreant," as they called them then. This odious word still survives.

Although Eastace Badgell lived half a century later, when men had grown quite intelligent again, the fact that he should defend suicide and then kill himself was likewise pointed out as the natural result of holding impious views.

In the time of Dr. Johnson, a young man came up to London, and because he had no friends and nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep, in despair he took poison. He was nineteen when he died. He was the son of a peasant, and had little education. Yet such were his marvelous talents that he is still pointed out as the most remarkable example of precocious genius which history affords. The biography of this boy of nineteen has been written many times, and men of learning have given their time to editing and annotating his works. This was Thomas Chatterton, whose life Alfred de Vigny has put into one of the most pathetic tragedies in French literature.

England owes her greatest empire to Robert Clive. He conquered a land wider in extent, with a larger population and a more ancient history than did Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon. When he went out to India it was as a shipping clerk. Fear of a massacre made him a general. He displayed a genius for war that has ranked him with the great soldiers of all time. He returned to England rich, famous, to lay the empire he had conquered at the feet of the English crown. He was persecuted, maligned, and in his rage and resentment he sought the great quietus. Had he been a poor man his body would have been buried at a cross-roads and a stake driven through his heart—for England's infamous and barbaric law which added this ignominy to a suicide's death was not repealed for half a century afterward.

The sensational deaths of Kleist, the German poet, and Frau Vogel, a woman of note, who killed themselves together at Potsdam, profoundly affected the youth of Goethe's day.

The name of Roland is among the highest of those who fought to keep the French Revolution from developing into the Reign of Terror. Imprisoned for his patriotism, he killed himself.

It was from Rousseau that Thomas Jefferson obtained

the ideas which prompted the Declaration of Independence. Although the manner of Rousseau's death is shrouded in mystery, it is believed that he committed suicide.

Pichegru, a brave soldier of the Revolution, killed himself.

Robert Tannahill was, like Chatterton, a boy of genius. He was a weaver and a poet. One day the Ettrick Shepherd came to pay him a visit and to praise his poetry. This was the boy's first taste of fame. The next day he had thrown himself into a mill-pond. He was very poor.

One of England's greatest jurists, a man who spent his life, as Wendell Phillips said, trying to make law synonymous with justice, and who was worthy to rank with Papinian and D'Ageseau, was Romilly. When he began his reform, two hundred and twenty-two crimes in England were punishable with hanging. There are not a dozen now. This was largely Romilly's work. He was a suicide.

Dr. Bull wrote England's national anthem. He killed himself.

Castlereagh cut his own throat. But he does not belong in this list.

Robert Haydon was a painter of genius. Naturally he lived in poverty, persecuted with debts. He had just completed a magnificent picture when he put a bullet through his brain.

Hugh Miller was a Scotch geologist who proved that the Mosaic account of creation was a fantastic tissue of fiction. He was poor and he had to work very hard. His health gave way and he took his own life. Good people, many of them, still think that this was a judgment upon him for the impious discovery that he made.

Richard Realf was born to genius and poverty. Lady Byron praised his poetry. He came to America because it was a free land. He fought under John Brown. His verses inspired many a soldier's heart. Reverses, disappointment and life-long poverty drove him to the use of the bare bodkin.

Merely to recall cases which are still within the memory of men living—Admiral Fitzroy, Prevost-Paradol, Archer, Louis II., King of Bavaria; Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria; Pigott, the spy; Balmaceda, the deposed President of Chili; Radston, the California millionaire; Franklin B. Gowan, the Philadelphia railroad president, and Boulanger, the French general—all made their own quietus.

Besides all these, there are many other great names in history of men who at one time or another of their lives attempted to commit suicide. Among these are Vittoria Alferi, the Italian poet; Michael Angelo, Kotzebue, the German dramatist; Cowper, who tried to kill himself twice; Chateaubriand, the French poet; Lamartine, George Sand, and the philosopher Comte. Byron declared that while writing "Childe Harold" he would often have committed suicide had it not been for the fact that it would have given so much pleasure to his mother-in-law. Shelley many times thought to resort to poison as "the key to the golden chamber of rest." Bismarck declared after the battle of Sadowa that if the Prussians had been defeated he would have killed himself.

Even the great Napoleon, in the year 1794, attempted suicide, owing to his extreme poverty and his dark prospects. This was three years before he was master of France. The great Goethe records that at one time he went to bed night after night with a dagger on his pillow hoping for the time when he would have courage enough to plunge it into his heart. And any one who reads the sonnets of Shakespeare carefully will see that our greatest poet often contemplated self-destruction.

Many of the greatest writers of antiquity defended and even applauded suicide—Epictetus, Pliny, Zeno, Seneca, and our popular Plutarch. Both Hume and Rousseau defended the right of any man to take his own life as absolute and indefensible. Montesquieu and Montaigne held similar opinions.

Schopenhauer, who has influenced German thought more than any philosopher since Kant, and his brilliant disciple, Hartmann, both believe that civilization and suicide are allied, that the increase of human knowledge only increases the terrors of life, and that the time will come when all mankind, having reached the highest obtainable good of intelligence and culture, will simultaneously destroy themselves.

Probably the greatest description of a suicide in the English language is that to be found in Edgar Saltus's story, "Mr. Incul's Misadventure."—CARL SNYDER.

TWO ANECDOTES OF LORD ABERDEEN.

THE *Winnipeg Free Press* gives the following interesting account of a recent experience of Lord Aberdeen at Brandon, Manitoba, where he spent a few days early in the month:

"A fire broke out in a small house situated in the eastern portion of the city. There was the usual rush of humanity to the scene of the conflagration, which in the darkness of the night made a striking effect as it lit up the heavens beautifully. The yard engine of the C. P. R. was resting nosed up near the passenger depot when the engineer in charge thought to move in the direction of the fire. Just then two or three men stepped on the engine and were promptly and brusquely ordered off. One of the strangers, a man about forty-five, appealed to the engineer, stating that he also was an engineer. This was sufficient, so he was invited to retake his position, and according to custom was also asked to take the lever, which he did. Opening wide the throttle, the party were soon on their flight to the fire. In the meantime the stranger was being taken in by the crew. Imagine their surprise as the glare of the cat-light revealed to them the features of the Governor-General of Canada. In a few moments their destination was reached, when all hands, including Lord Aberdeen, enjoyed the affair. That engineer thinks that his Excellency knows a thing or two about a locomotive engine and is a companionable fellow if he has blue blood in his veins."

The second story Lord Aberdeen tells of himself. He was journeying once from London to the North, and had boarded the sleeping-car at midnight. In the morning when he woke he saw a stranger opposite him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?"

Somewhat surprised, his Lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do.

"May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?"

"Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds."

"Well," went on the stranger, "if I were as rich as you and snored as loud as you, I should take a whole car, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."

FROUDE THE HISTORIAN.

TWENTY years ago the name of James Anthony Froude was well known in this country, as that of a keen controversialist and a daring reviser or rebuilders of history. He had been heard of before on this side of the Atlantic; cultured Americans had read his essays and serious works with more or less interest. They were familiar with his "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada," and opinions varied very much as to the value and truthfulness of his reconstructed character for the much-discussed and much-married Tudor, whose quarrel with Rome had as much to do, perhaps, with the success of the Reformation as the defiance of Martin Luther himself. But it was not until 1873 that the American public learned to know Froude well. In that year he honored this country with a visit, and almost immediately became an object of the deepest interest, through a course of lectures delivered here on the subject of "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century." His original and one-sided treatment of the subject was well calculated to give deep offense to a large proportion of foreign-born citizens, especially Irish-American Catholics, who accused the historian of suppressing facts and grossly misrepresenting their country. Father Tom Burke, a witty, learned and eloquent member of the Dominican order, who happened to be visiting this country at the time, vigorously denounced Froude's alleged inaccuracies, misrepresentations and bold inventions. A sprightly controversy between the two keen wits followed, and it has ever since been a disputed point which of the two carried off the larger share of the honors. Father Burke proved a foeman worthy of the historian's steel, and in public estimation was more than a match for the Englishman in *repartee*. But twenty years ago, as now, there was something like a wave of religious bigotry sweeping over the land, and Froude's presence intensified the bitterness on both sides.

Mr. Froude was born in Totness, Devonshire, England, April 23, 1818. His parents intended to dedicate him to the Church, and his early studies were directed to that end. But natural bent of character, the habit of independent thought, and above all, an impatience of intellectual discipline in every form soon demonstrated his complete unfitness for holy orders. He had not gone beyond minor orders in the Anglican Church when some of his writings drew down upon him the wrath of spiritual superiors. His earlier works, "The Shadows of the Clouds" and "The Nemesis of Faith," were condemned by the university, and cost him his fellowship and a more or less valuable appointment to Tasmania. These works are scarcely known in this country, where Froude's fame rests mainly upon the two more ambitious and striking works mentioned in the first part of this article. His latest publications, "The Life and Letters of Erasmus," are likely to give rise to the same kind of controversies as his attempted revisions of English and Irish history. In order to show the character of these works one need only hint that Froude, in his history of England, paints Henry VIII. as not at all the royal monster figuring in the works of nearly all the earlier reliable English writers. Mary Queen of Scots also becomes quite a detestable character in his hands. Neither beauty nor goodness is left her, and Froude pretends to base this reversal of judgment in the two cases on documentary evidence never before examined.

In truth it must be said that, however brilliant and effective Froude's style may have been, it could not compensate for the lack of impartiality without which no man can successfully attempt the role of historian. Froude was unfitted by nature to be an impartial judge. He was too biased and prejudiced—too apt to become an advocate on the one side or the other instead of coldly weighing the facts of history. Still I can conscientiously agree with this passage in a late review of the life and works of the late historian: "With all his faults of judgment and temper he was a genuine Englishman with splendid intellectual gifts. Eccentric in his choice of Henry VIII. as a saint, and even more in his partisan hostility to the dead Queen or to the living hero of Scotland, he was without a rival in the art of reproducing, with intensity of realism, the bygone conditions of English history."

Two years ago Mr. Raymond Blathwayt visited Mr. Froude at his charming country residence, Salcombe, England, and was favored with a most interesting interview, in which the distinguished historian spoke with singular frankness and spirit.

"A very notable figure the historian presents," wrote Mr. Blathwayt, "as he sits easily back in his armchair. And as I look at the tall, strong, well-knit figure, clad in an easily fitting suit of summer gray, and note the sunburnt face and muscular hands, and hear the still youthful voice, I find it almost impossible to realize that I am talking to a man seventy-four years of age. He does not look so much by ten years. To all intents and purposes it is a man in the full vigor and energy of life who sits there talking to me so vividly and brightly of the past, the present, and of that which is to come."

The restlessness and love of change of the present day, and the liberality of thought, were particularly criticised by Mr. Froude in his peculiar trenchant method. He spoke thus: "All this tendency to liberality of thought on the part of Ritualists gives an immense impulse to Roman Catholicism which I always said to Carlyle, but which he denied. Carlyle held on to his Calvinism in the sternest way. 'There never was such a faith,' he used to say to me, 'to take the conceit out of such a brute as man.'"

"Well, but now Mr. Froude," said Blathwayt, "whom do you blame for this liberality of thought—Tennyson, with his beautiful trust that 'good shall fall, at last, far off, at last to all,' or Huxley of to-day, with his militant Agnosticism, or whom?"

"Certainly not Tennyson," replied Mr. Froude, "who has really helped to confirm and strengthen rather than to shake people in the old faith. There is no touch of materialism in his beautiful, deep and serious thought."

PLAYING CARDS.

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John Mill is the most serious opponent that the orthodox have had to contend with in my day, and Huxley, I think, the most faithful. A splendid man is Huxley, so true, so honest. But Newman and Maurice foresaw all this, they saw that the dissolving tendencies came in with increased intellectuality. Ah," continued Mr. Froude, with a rather sad shake of the head, "the enlightenment of to-day is not a thing to be cheerful about."

Speaking of Gladstone's Home Rule policy Froude remarked:

"What on earth is Gladstone thinking of? How can he roll back the seven hundred years of English misrule? And what are the Nonconformists about when they want to help him to impose the rule of the priests on Ulster? They talk of Union of Hearts indeed!" cried Mr. Froude, with splendid scorn. "But there will be no union while we allow one side to dictate, and the other to give in. The Ulster men will never give in, they have far too much of the old sturdy Protestantism left in them for that. And how terribly inconsistent are our English Radical Nonconformists in upholding Gladstone in his wild ideas, how utterly they have gone astray from their own best traditions. The Radicals rose out of the Reformation. They are the lineal descendants of the Long Parliament, and here they are flinging over all that the Long Parliament foresaw, as far as Ireland is concerned. This union of English Dissenters and Irish Catholics is a very unwholesome and ominous combination."

Blathwayt attempted a word of excuse thus: "They wish to be tolerant and broad minded, perhaps, Mr. Froude. I found Mr. James Russell Lowell and many leading Protestant Americans very tolerant toward the Catholics, who are gaining great power and influence in the States."

"Ah," said the host, "such tolerance is all rubbish! Carlyle used to say to me that when people were tolerant, it was because they didn't care. Touch them on a vital point and they are rattlesnakes. But what do the English Dissenters care for Ireland?"

Blathwayt suggested that, perchance, the Roman Catholic rule may not be so bad for Ireland as some people fear it may be. "I found," Blathwayt continued, "that as a matter of fact American Puritanism, which is dying out amongst the people in general, is springing to life again amongst the Catholics, and is consequently producing an absolutely new Catholicism, utterly different from the old Catholicism of Europe."

Mr. Froude, much interested, replied: "Yes, I can believe that; though I did not know it was actually so, for I always said to Carlyle, though he would not have it, that the Catholics would ever retain certain essentials of morals, and that so they might recover some of their lost ground. But still I do not think they will recover much. Look at the literature of France, how frightfully abandoned it is, and yet it is the result of Catholic education, the result, that is, of centuries of Catholicism, though, doubtless, the Catholics themselves hold it in abomination. With regard to Ireland I am not without hope. Ulster will win the day on account of their old piety."

"As we sat at luncheon," said Blathwayt, "Mr. Froude suddenly turned to me and said, 'Did Cardinal Manning ever tell you about our Metaphysical Society? It was started many years ago by Tennyson and Knowles. Tennyson always wanted to prove that there was a future life. That was the origin of it, though he never got it proved beyond the possibility of doubt. There were thirty of us, representing every shade of thought and opinion—Manning, Ward, St. George Mivart (the scientific Catholic), Tennyson, Gladstone, Roundell Palmer, Huxley, Tyndall, Ruskin, two or three Anglican bishops, myself, and others. We used to talk of the future life, of conscience, of God. We dined together regularly and then discussed. We lasted two years. We never once quarreled, though we talked with the utmost frankness and plainness. I remember once we discussed the possibility of miracles. I said there could be no doubt as to their possibility, for there was a living miracle in the fact of such a society as ours existing at all. And at all events, though we never could agree, there was one good result. We had learned not to hate. Curiously enough, neither Manning nor Gladstone impressed us with their powers of debating. Manning, of course, was blinded by his superstition. Manning and Martineau, one of our most valuable members, presented a curious spectacle sitting together in perfect amity. But then Manning used to admit,' and as Mr. Froude spoke Blathwayt recalled how the old Cardinal more than once said the same thing to him, 'that there was great excuse for heresy nowadays; for,' said he, people have been born into it."

One interesting feature of the Blathwayt talk with Froude was the peculiar opinion the latter expressed concerning the men of letters of to-day. "I don't know them," said Froude, "why should I trouble to know all these new people? They won't live. After all, taking the whole of the last fifty years, Tennyson and Carlyle, in my opinion, are the only two who will really live on and on. The people I have known are far more interesting than those of to-day. You will say," he added, with a charming smile, "that that is an old man's story, but I think it is true. Come and sit down here," he continued, as he drew up two chairs in the veranda, whence we obtained a magnificent view of the great blue sea beyond. "Come and sit down here and I'll tell you about some of the people I have known. At Oxford, of course, I knew all the Tractarians. There was my own brother, Hurrell; there was Keble, who never liked me; Pusey, of whom I was always fond. Then there was Newman, nothing of the Don about him. It was his vivid earnestness and intense reality that gave him his great influence over all us enthusiastic young fellows. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever met, though Carlyle did once say of him that he hadn't got the 'intellect of a rabbit.' I quite own, however, that his intellect was not improved by Rome. Then there was Carlyle, of course. He was by far the most remarkable man I have ever known. So intense; none like him. No," continued Froude, in reply to a remark of Blathwayt as to the peculiarity of his phraseology, "no, he wasn't in the least affected. His writing

was forged out of his intensity. He had a more real Faith than almost any one I ever met. I'll tell you the last thing he ever said to me. It was only a short time before he died, and I had gone to say good-by to him. He whispered very feebly to me, 'Ah! isn't it strange that those people—meaning,' explained Mr. Froude, "the Powers above—isn't it strange that those people should have sent so much trouble on the very oldest man in Europe, which, of course, he wasn't," added Mr. Froude, with a smile of reminiscence at the sad oddity of the scene, and then continued, "I said to him, 'well, we don't know their reasons.' Carlyle at once replied, 'Ah, well, it would be rash to say they have no reason.' It was the last flicker of the old thought. It was very characteristic. He never spoke another word to me. I think his writings hereafter will be of immense value, they will give people something substantial to hold on to."

Froude's anecdote about the last words spoken to him by Carlyle reminds me of a remark of Father Fulton, formerly the Provincial of the Jesuits in this country. Speaking of his poor health Father Fulton said to me: "I once, while feeling very low-spirited, ventured to say to the Almighty in my most private communications with Him, 'O Lord! don't you think you could spare me now and take me out of this suffering world?' To which the Almighty replied, 'Father Fulton, don't you think I understand my own business.'"—(See page 1.)

T. B. CONNERY.



THE MIKADO'S SOLLOQUY

DRAMATIS PERSONA.—The Emperor of Japan (and its Tributaries, present and future).
SCENE.—Soliloquy Room in the Palace at Tokio.
TIME.—8 P. M., just after reviewing announcement of another smash in China.

THE MIKADO—"Oo hoo, the Heathen Chinese are again 'blaming their buttons,' and we feel like joining in the Koreans. We are the centre of all eyes to-day, but we are no puppets, I'd have them understand. The whole world is beginning to see that though we are small Japan stretches from one end of itself clear to the other. We are little, but O my, my! we are old. At the call to arms the shoguns, the sorghums, the bee gums and the gum elastics turned somersaults and started for Seoul; they would have started to Seoul with the same alacrity had I only given the command. We have already taken enough junk to start a junk-shop, and the yuens just say we uns, and come right to our hands, when they don't go down into the sea and pull the hole down after them. All we have to do is to touch the button and they do the rest, or the resting. When we get done with them they won't have a button to their suspenders, let alone to their hats." (Here he kicks the palace cat against the other side of the room.) "One touch of human nature makes the whole world kin, and one touch upon Pekin will make all China very much related to Japan. We have already Japanned Korea in the most approved style, and it is warranted to wear. The fact is, I have got the Celestials in the suds and am going to regulate the price of laundry if it takes all winter on this clothes line. I'll fight it out. The soft soap business is forever ended. I'd like to know what kind of a clothes-pin they have been in the habit of taking me to be, anyway. It looks as if they had got it into their heads that we were a sort of small-sized Monday's wash and that it would take no time at all to do us and charge no extra rates. By the sacred tub of their grandmothers, they have been rubbing us



over the washboard long enough, but they can't hang us out to dry. We propose to fill their shirts as full of holes as they have been accustomed to putting into those of their unsuspecting customers.

"Let me take a glance into this mirror. My name is Mr. Mikado and I don't care who knows it. Everybody knows it now. It makes me feel way up to my size. A year ago and the Eastern Powers hardly ever mentioned my name for breakfast; but now, since I climbed upon my muscle and straddled my ear, it makes a commotion which is perceptible around every base burning throne in all Europe. Hum! my last suit is, I confess, a little too short, but I am all strictly in it." (Waltzes around the room humming, "Three Little Girls in Blue-mers.")

"I am a Mikado from away back in the dim distance. It was a long jump, but I got there with both feet. Jim Corbett isn't in the ring. I am the Oriental Mike and don't allow yourselves to forget it. I said to the Chinese: 'Don't you lay your hands on Korea, for if you do you will also lay your bodies there,' and I guess folks have found that we are not the effete Eastern nation they wanted to take us to be. My picture (more or less mine) is in every paper in the known world (and I have arranged for damage suits against four thousand of them for the defacing of public property, and propose to collect it if I have to take my fleet over on wheels). I am getting so way up in G—that is gore—that there is no telling where I am going to stop, if I ever

stop." (Takes down a sword from the wall; brandishes it; sticks himself in the knee, and puts it back again.)

"I begin to feel that I am the ruler of the seas, and if the foreign Powers interfere with any of my fun I



will be a seizer of the rules, pitch in and give them a free kindergarten lesson that will make them blow their fingers and stick them in their pockets for all time to come. This is my pie, and Russia, England, France & Co. will observe notices stuck up all around to 'keep off the grass.'

"Five hundred million Chinese with convenient handles to their heads will be nothing more than a cold lunch for me; the Flowery Kingdom can't face the Japonicas of the East, who are not only well armed but well footed and better headed. I ride in front of my men in spirit. I propose soon to ride in front of them in full uniform. I have lately been reading the lives of Zingis Khan (before he went into the clothing business), Tamerlane, Jim Lane, Cyrus, Xerxes, Aleck the Great, Napoleon, and Coney, translated into the original Japanese. The world was small in their days. If any one supposes I shall stop with the simple conquest of China he is clear off offally. I shall sweep Siberia like a servant girl just hired, bounce through India like an India rubber tornado; having conquered Asia Major, shall take Asia Minor with all her minors, gobble Turkey before Thanksgiving Day, clean out Russia with a rush broom, purify the germs of Germany, turn England upside down so it can commence life over on a new side, remove the gall from the Gauls, and then go over and capture the United States and settle down on the summit of my earthly ambition as the president of a Railroad Syndicate until other worlds heave in sight to grab. I think I only want the earth and a few smaller planets. I am sure an opening for the situation of the 'Mikado of the Universe' is very fair."

AT HALLOWE'EN.

The elfin hosts are out to-night,
And many a hidden prank they play;
The moon emits a dimmer light,
While down the brook gray shadows stray.

Within the farmhouse, nosed and old,
A group of boys and girls are seen;
A feast is spread, and tales are told
That speak of Love and HALLOWE'EN.

Modora, fairest of the fair,
Runs with an apple to the glass,
And counts thereof her long black hair
To see her beau!—the roguish lass.

Others put nuts upon the fire
To find what fate their love may win;
If still they lie, their best desire
The coming year will usher in.

But when the nuts in tumult move,
And from their resting-place upstart,
Wayward will be the way of love
And sad the litany of the heart.

A score of tricks there were of old
Which we, stern graybeards, once have seen;
O grant, when this night's charms are told,
Love's joy may rest on HALLOWE'EN.

—JOEL BENTON.

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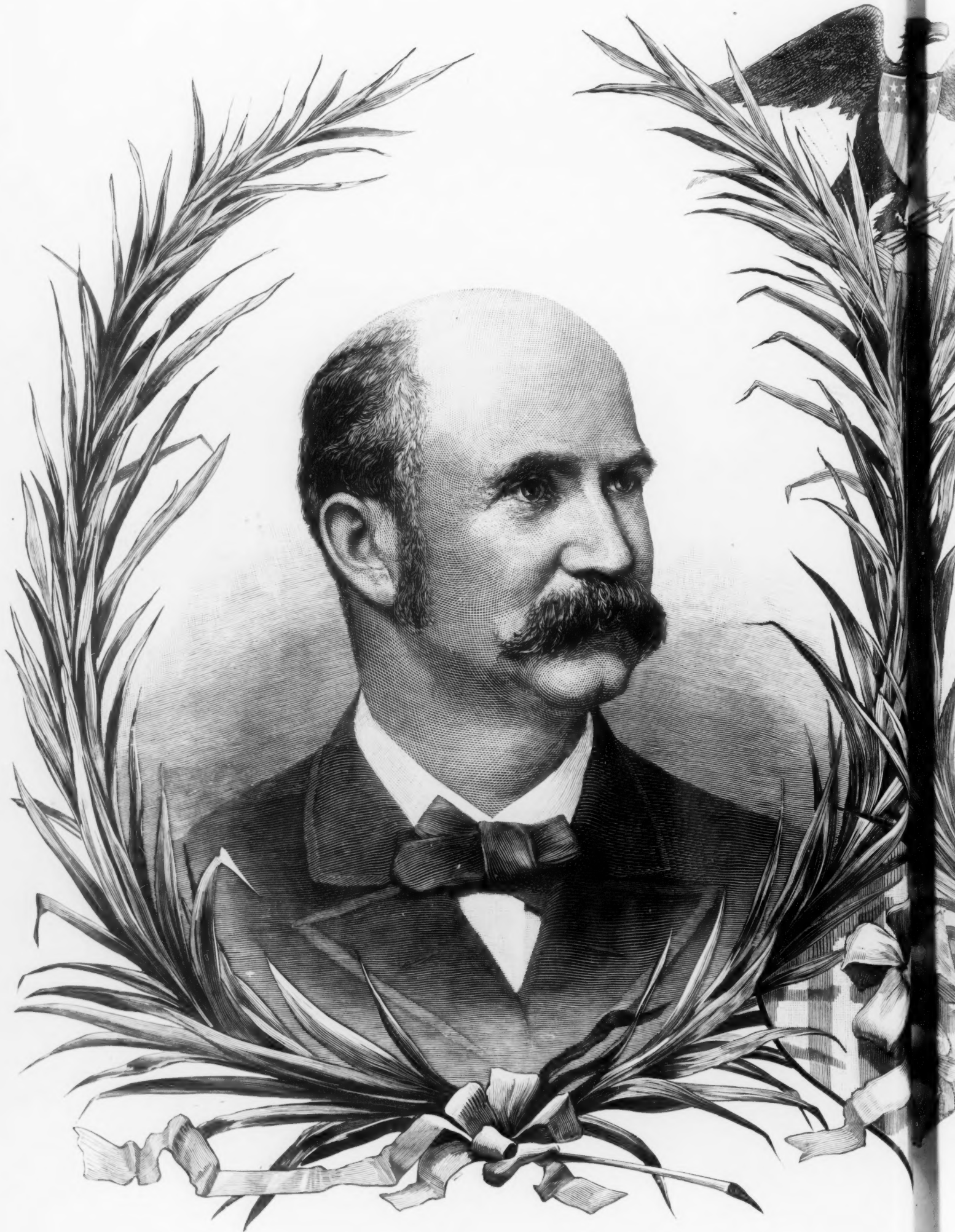
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(Concluded.)

HE leaned back smiling, folded his arms upon his chest, and remained silent during the drive. When the hansom stopped, it was in front of a French restaurant in the square he had indicated. "One can get particular things particularly well cooked here," said Mr. Anthony Jones, with the affected lisp and mincing manner I had at first observed. "Trout stewed in Madeira and *bisque*—an ideal *bisque*, my dear fellow."

He paid off our cabman, exchanging a word or two with him whose purport I did not catch, and entered the restaurant. We went to the terrace, where the tables were set under gayly striped tricolored awnings. There were pot-plants and a cool breeze, and the waiters were all Southern Frenchmen, dark as Italians, who chattered a queer sort of *argot* to the customers, who were almost without exception French too. Mr. Anthony Jones ordered the dinner—a good one—and wine, of the best, and called for an absinthe.

"Do you use—?" I was beginning, when the water overflowed upon the table-cloth. Mr. Jones was no longer absorbed in preparing his pick-me-up. He was looking at a man who had just entered.

The man was French, unmistakably, like the other habitués of the place. He was of middle height, lean, dark, and sallow. He was rather shabbily dressed, and wore a narrow red ribbon in his buttonhole. He took his seat at a table, and ordered a meal. Then he took a closely folded newspaper from his pocket, unfolded it, and proceeded to read. Some brown bread and butter, olives and anchovies were put before us, and Mr. Jones began to talk again.

"*Hors-d'œuvre*? You don't care about snacks before meals? Wrong, my dear fellow, wrong! No eater should hurl himself upon a dinner rudely. The thing is to approach it by degrees—work up from effect to effect—as they do at the theatre."

He prattled this way, but his fork was idle. Another man who had entered the restaurant was the object of his attention. This was a tall, feeble-looking, white-haired person, wearing a panama straw hat, an antiquated frock-coat, and soiled gray trousers. He sat down at a marble-topped circular table opposite, and called for a glass of *eau sucrée*. There was nothing remarkable about the appearance of the old gentleman—except that he had a faded red ribbon in his buttonhole.

"Also *decore*, you see," the voice was that of Mr. Jones, who, withdrawing his own eyes from the man, observed that he was also the object of my observation.

"The ribbon of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, isn't it?" said I. "I wonder what the old fellow got it for?"

"Playing the confidence trick upon a nation, perhaps," said Anthony Jones, as the waiter placed the silver tureen of *bisque* before us and filled our glasses with creaming *Heidsieck*. For a moment his attention was occupied in helping the soup.

"Here's another of 'em," said I. "I wonder what he got it for?"

Mr. Jones looked up and followed the direction of my eyes. His eyeglass dropped, and clinked against the edge of his plate, as the newcomer advanced toward us.

The newcomer was a short, squat, important-looking personage, elaborately dressed, and redolent, as he brushed by our table, of cigars and perfume. He sat down, called for a waiter in tones of thunder, and demanded the *carte de jour*. We both observed him as he chose his dinner. He seemed to me a personage to whom no particular interest attached, save in the fact that he wore in his lapel buttonhole a flaming brand-new ribbon of the Cross of the Legion.

Jones talked to me as our meal progressed—the desultory talk of a man about town. From time to time he glanced indifferently at the Frenchman, who, as his very luxurious meal progressed, was reading snatches from the columns of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*. Some special paragraph at one time seemed to strike him with amusement, for he grinned as he plied his toothpick, with a peculiarly revolting kind of triumph. I had taken dislike to this fleshy, blue-chinned, twinkling-eyed, bediamonded, shiny-booted, buff-vested, curly-haired Gaul. Again and again my eyes were attracted toward him.

Presently he drew his legs from beneath the table and loiled sideways on his chair, and called for black coffee. He drew out a gold snuff-box with a conscious flourish, drew from it a pinch of loose tobacco and some gummed cigarette papers, and rolled a cigarette. His jewel-adorned hands, which he took pains to display, were curiously delicate and supple for a man of his gross body. They were white too, with the exception of the finger-tips, which were stained and yellow, evidently from incessant cigarette-smoking.

"That man is a terrible smoker!" I said in an undertone. "Look at his yellow finger-ends."

Mr. Anthony Jones glanced at the subject of my remark and back at me with a curious smile. Then he called the waiter and paid the bill. The Frenchman with the red ribbon did the same thing a moment later. As he rose and swaggered out of the restaurant, Jones rose also, and, taking me by the arm, went out too. It was half-past nine as we came out into the electric-lighted street. The Frenchman was hailing a hackman. We were just in time to see the vehicle rattle up to the curb. As the stout Frenchman jumped in and the cab drove off, Mr. Anthony Jones hailed another.

"Get in, quick!" he said, peremptorily. "Ten dollars over your fare if you follow that cab in front of us to where the passenger gets out," he called to the man.

Off we went at a smart pace. My astonishment found vent in words.

"What on earth are we following this man for?"

Brain fatigue from wear and tear
Speedily relieved by Bromo-Seltzer.

"Because," said Anthony Jones, "I have every reason to believe he may be useful to us."

"Who is he?"

"I am not at this minute able to say. But later on," said he, drawlingly, "I may be able to oblige you."

I was paid for my time, anyhow. I resigned myself to abide the whims of my amateur, as we rapidly drove in the direction of Union Square.

Presently we pulled up. The vehicle we followed had stopped before one of the few private residences fronting on the park which had not been pulled down, converted into stores, or rebuilt into sets of flats. It stood rather back from the sidewalk, behind a four-foot wall, topped with railings, over which showed the tops of some high shrubs. A gate in this wall was unlocked by the stout Frenchman with a private key—he paid



MR. JONES LOOKED UP AND FOLLOWED THE DIRECTION OF MY EYES.

and dismissed his hansom, and entered. Mr. Anthony Jones motioned me to get out of ours, followed me, and gave the man his fare with the liberal excess he had promised. Then he turned to me, and, though the square was not over brilliantly lighted, I could see that he was drunk. Our rapid transit through the fresh air had assisted the champagne and the liquor brandy that had washed down our very excellent repast in mounting to his brain. I thought! He lurched against me heavily, smiled a foolish smile, and asked me in thickened accents what I was going to do next. It was evident that he was oblivious of having followed the French gentleman for any particular purpose. I had to do with nothing more remarkable, after all, than a harmless, weak-brained faddist, who was willing to pay for taking up the time of sensible people.

"Come, Mr. Jones," said I, taking him by the arm, "it's time we were turning homeward. I'll see you to your door, if you will permit me."

"Hands off!" said he, thickly, shaking off my hand and staggering against the wall.

"Come home," I said, losing patience. "We're only wasting time here."

"Home!" says Mr. Anthony Jones, with drunken pathos. "I have no home. I am an orphan boy."

At this amusement got the better of my anger, and I laughed loud and long. At that moment the private door in the wall opened, and the stout Frenchman reappeared. He had changed his clothes, and wore a light overcoat buttoned up about his throat. Before he had time to pull the door to after him, my drunken dudu lurched heavily against his shoulder, and would have fallen but that he thrust out his arm and grabbed at the Frenchman's coat. His weight tore it open, and revealed, by the light of an old-fashioned gas-lamp that flickered over his own private door, a resplendent white shirt bosom, a red ribbon crossing it, and a blazing decoration dangling at the wearer's hip. And then, with a sudden tiger-like spring, my drunken companion was upon the Frenchman, and had pinned his arms to his sides in a twinkling.

"Come off!" I shouted, gripping him by the shoulder. "What in thunder are you doing?"

"This is a madman!" cried the Frenchman, struggling. "Take him off, I demand you, or I will kill him!"

He ground out a bitter oath in the vernacular, and, freeing one arm with a desperate effort, made a dive for his revolver-pocket. But Anthony Jones held him like a vise.

"Arrest this man!" says he to me, savagely. "Get out your warrant, man! Are you stricken helpless, that you stand like that? Let him feel your badge. This is Monsieur Jules Frémont, alias Jortin, the smartest forger out up to the present."

He laughed a thin, crackling laugh, and his captive shivered.

"Let me go!" he said, hoarsely and eagerly. "Let me go, and I will make you both rich. You shall have thirty thousand dollars each—I swear it!—if you will let me go!"

That was enough for me. I whipped out my whistle and blew it, and a half-dozen of stout patrolmen were on the spot in a minute. And in fifteen more the celebrated forger, who had snapped his fingers at the police for years, was safely lodged in the cells of the Thirtieth Precinct Station-house for the night.

"Come round to my rooms and have a smoke, Inspector," said Mr. Anthony Jones in my ear, "when you've locked him up, and the raid upon that Union Square house has been made; and mind—a special guard of picked men—men you can trust—over that cell tonight. You mustn't judge our friend"—he pointed to the handcuffed Frenchman—"by his conduct when arrested. He was taken somewhat aback by the suddenness of our pounce. He is a remarkably cool and daring character, is Monsieur Jules Frémont."

"Who's the elderly dude, sir?" said one of the patrol to me as, leaving four policemen to guard the entrances to the house on Union Square, we drove with our captive toward Houston Street.

"A passer-by," said I, "who helped me grab my man."

"Shouldn't have thought he'd have had enough grit in him," said the patrolman. "But you never can tell."

I never could tell before how many degrees of meanness a man might be conscious of without shriveling up like a spider on a hot shovel. But I began to realize then.

Later on, after the raid, I went to the address Mr. Jones had given me. It was a flat in a handsome mansion in a fashionable quarter. I found my middle-aged beau in a Chinese silk dressing-gown, curled up, with his feet underneath him, in a deep luxurious chair.

The room in which I found him was a bachelor-like apartment, half library, half smoking-room. I noticed a quantity of criminal records on the shelves, Joly's "Le Combat Contre le Crime"—a book I had heard of, but never read—and Byrnes's "Professional Criminals of America." I noticed also an electrical apparatus, some charcoal retorts and test tubes. Their owner was smoking a very excellent cigar from a twisted amber holder, and as I took my seat he pointed to a silver pitcher of ice-water and to a decanter of brandy which stood upon the table near him, and tossed me over his cigar case, of manatee leather beautifully embossed. He asked me a few questions about our capture, and seemed pleased when he learned that the house into which the forger had let himself with his latch-key was even now undergoing a rigorous examination at the hands of our Mulberry Street men.

"You will find some queer things there," he said. "A chemical laboratory, with all the latest paraphernalia for conducting experiments of delicate kinds, for instance."

"How do you guess that?"

"Frémont's hands, especially his finger-tips, were stained with acids. He is probably in the habit of making his own inks and of erasing numeral figures, either written or printed, from notes he purposed to expand, by means of some subtle yet powerful chemical preparation. Hence the yellowed finger-tips which you ascribed to the habit of cigarette-making."

"Well, we have stopped his little amusements for the present," I said.

"And earned the reward," said Mr. Anthony Jones, looking at me very straightly. I felt myself redder under his look.

"I have no right to a dollar of it," I said. "It is yours, and I have brought you back your three hundred." As I spoke I drew the roll from my pocket and handed it to him.

"Keep it, for the present," said he. "We can square accounts when you touch the reward, and be sure to ask me to the wedding."

"Thanks to you," I blurted out. "If ever one man was indebted to another, Mr. Jones, I am to you."

"You will have an opportunity of working off the obligation," says he. "Now that I have proved to you that my little theories are not to be despised, perhaps



THAT WAS ENOUGH FOR ME. I WHIPPED OUT MY WHISTLE AND BLEW IT.

you will be disposed to take me into partnership on the terms I stated in your office to-day. Sheer halves—and not a word about me."

"Done!" I said, and we shook hands again on it.

"Anonymity—for the social reasons I have explained—is necessary to me," went on Anthony Jones, "and on that account I am content to forego the credit of being a thief-catcher. Perhaps you would like to know the lines on which I laid down the little train of inductions which led me—you will grant, unerringly—to put my finger on Monsieur Jules Frémont."

"I should like it of all things," I said, yielding more

HEALTH, comfort and happiness abound in homes where "Garland" Stoves and Ranges are used.

and more to the conviction that I had to deal with an extraordinary character. "I am bound to own that in your first essay"—he smiled—"as an amateur detective, you have distanced the regular professionals."

"A handsome compliment," said he, with a dry smile playing about his thin lips. "If you will see me again in three days' time, I will tell you how I discovered Frémont. And now, hand me that work-basket upon the stand beside you, and shut the door behind you when you pass out as noiselessly as you can. I am about to relax my overstrained nerves with a little sedative."

He drew a roll of fine canvas from the basket, a needle, and a skein of what I have heard ladies call "crawel." In speechless astonishment I watched him as he threaded the needle, adjusted himself more comfortably in his luxurious chair, and began to work. As I stood and looked at him in speechless amazement, he looked up, and his keen eyes flashed into mine.

"A curious pursuit, you think, for the occupation of a man's leisure? Perhaps, Inspector, perhaps! But in my way this embroidery of mine is unique. I regularly send it to a very particular friend of mine in England, who values it, I hope, at its worth. Don't look doubtful. Do say that you admire the pattern." He held out a completed portion of the strip. There was no pattern to speak of. Dots and dashes, squares and triangles innumerable, and in all colors, but without the faintest trace in their arrangement of systematic design; and as I stood and watched, Mr. Anthony Jones's needle went in and out. Superintendent, it gave the first prick of doubt to a theory of mine.

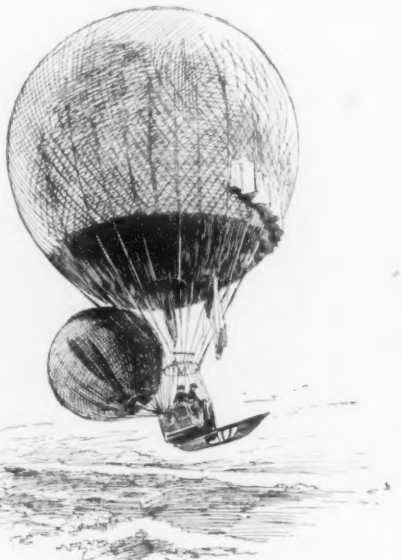
Swallow the needle, as I have done, and look at possibilities as I do. Ask yourself, my good friend Greenleaf, as I have done: WAS SHERLOCK HOLMES REALLY KILLED, or had he his own motives for disappearing? The details of his alleged death have been read by the whole world. Are those sensational details facts, or merely clever fiction, invented to further an end, by a most gifted, most remarkable, and certainly most unscrupulous man? Can my mysterious specialist, this so-called amateur, who evinces such an extraordinary power of reasoning by deductive process, and such unparalleled sagacity in following up the criminal trail, be Sherlock Holmes in disguise? Have we a reincarnation of that extraordinary individuality in the person of Mr. Anthony Jones, of New York, or does America boast the parallel to a combination of talents which the historian of Holmes, as the many readers of the published chronicle in the *Strand Magazine*, justly deemed unique?

Turn the question over in your mind, and let me have your answer.

With compliments to Mrs. Greenleaf, yours, my dear Mr. Superintendent, Faithfully and truly,
H. VEDDER.

AROUND FRANCE IN A BALLOON.

AN interesting aeronautic experiment has been successfully carried out near Paris, the result of which may be to revolutionize modern methods of traveling for pleasure. M. de Fouvillie and M. Mallet ascended in a balloon from the gas works of La Villette on September 19, with a view of studying the conditions under which the same quantity of gas and the same balloon might be made to serve for a series of ascensions, interrupted by stops and descents to earth of greater or less duration. The experiment lasted for five days, at the end of which time, the weather being very bad, the balloonists decided to bring it to a close at eleven o'clock



in the morning. They had made successive stops at Mery-sur-Oise, Persan-Beaumont, Creil, Méry, Raulat and Essigny-le-Petit, in the vicinity of St. Quentin. The line of their course described a spiral running from north to east to the North End of Paris.

The Observatoire had placed at the disposition of the aeronauts a small balloon measuring sixty metres, containing the amount of gas required, which, when introduced into their large balloon, gave them a capacity of twelve hundred metres with which to undertake an expedition without precedent in the annals of aerial navigation. The party numbered three for the first three days, and two during the remainder of the journey. A repetition of the experiment will be made in the spring.

Twice the travelers descended to earth in the neighborhood of gas works, where they could have renewed their supply of carbonated hydrogen, but did not, being desirous of ascertaining the precise value of their ex-

periment in a country where no gas works existed. Their ascensions were regulated by the action of the solar rays, which heated the gas and dried the cloth of their balloon, and their descents by the condensation which is invariably produced at nightfall. They did not once open their safety-valve, and the air was so still at sunset every time they descended to earth that they were not obliged to use their anchor once.

They had taken with them a horizontal helix for the purpose of regulating at will the position of the balloon, in order, if an occasion presented itself, to give a public exhibition of its usefulness. It was only after leaving Creil that they were enabled to put its efficacy to this proof, the operation being watched by over a thousand spectators assembled in the park of Mme. Hébert and along the road which runs beside the park enclosure. The results were eminently satisfactory, including the discovery of the necessary modifications for rendering the use of this rigging as practical as that of all others used by aeronauts in making ascensions. The basket or boat, which MM. de Fouvillie and Mallet will use for their ascensions in the spring of 1895 will be similarly rigged.

They were kindly received at all places by the people among whom they stopped, and succeeded in making without fatigue, and without very great expense, one of the most charming excursions imaginable.



FEW years ago there was very little team play, and individual work was relied on almost entirely. The backs were the sole ground gainers, and this, too, without interference. Drop kicking was frequently indulged in, but the football players of recent years have failed to come up to the high standard set by the backs of that time, for the reason that another style of play has been developed and made use of by all the leading teams. Soon after rushers were utilized to advance the ball, mass plays came into vogue and kicking was simply made use of on the third down when other means of advancing the ball had failed. In this way the kicking game fell into disuse. Then came momentum mass plays, and this kind of play reached its height last year, when all the big teams relied almost solely on this method of advancing the ball. In this way football became less interesting to the ordinary spectator, and the wear and tear on the players was increased. This led to a change in the rules, which was effected by a committee appointed for the purpose last winter. These rules abolish momentum mass plays, as such, and kicking and open running are again brought into play.

Football to-day, as we will see it played this season, is the most scientific in the history of the game. It combines open running, a few mass plays, and kicking. Interference, which has been carefully developed during the past years, is at a premium and kicking has become indispensable. The opening of the game under the new rules is very picturesque, and instead of the old-fashioned wedge we see open running or an exchange of kicks. The first requires good interference and the latter accuracy in placing the return kick and blocking by the forwards. We may also see a combination of these two plays—the back running as far as he can and then kicking. In the big games this season there will be a few wedge and mass plays, but these will be made mostly in the interests of variety and will not be relied on as the only ground-gaining plays, as they were last year. Flying interference is allowed, with a certain number of men, but such a play, if successful, results in open running.

This year we will see a greater variety of plays than ever before, and more science and real football knowledge will be developed. We will not see rushers protrating themselves before momentum plays, but clean, low tackling will be the strongest defense. Drop kicking has been encouraged, and thus the prettiest, as well as one of the most scientific and exciting, features in football will be frequently in evidence. It is not the final trial for the goal itself, which constitutes this play, but an equally important and scientific part is using plays to get the ball into a suitable position to try for goal. Yale football men have taken very kindly to the modified game, and the daily practice consists in practicing the points which the new rules will make important in the coming big games.

In developing a team at Yale, after the men have become hardened by the preliminary work early in the season, they are taken out for daily practice. By this time the backs are supposed to be up in kicking and catching, and the other men accustomed to handling the ball and strong enough to endure a few hard knocks without injurious result. About forty men go out daily, and from this number two elevens are chosen, the one called the Varsity, upon which all the old men are placed. The College eleven is filled by the best men left. In these practices the work of each individual is watched closely, and if a College man deserves it he is given a chance to play on the Varsity, while a Varsity man not doing well is put on the College team. In the development of the game this year, as a result of the new rules, the ball is kicked at the start off, and this leaves a puzzling question to the captains as to its most advantageous disposal. It is either the object to obtain it after the kick or to give it to the opposing side at the greatest disadvantage possible. It is to questions like this and the aiding of the men in their practical solutions that the energies of a captain and coaches are directed in the work at the Yale Field.

Some of the plays can be seen in the illustrations on page 4. No. 1 shows them in their positions ready for the signal. No. 2 shows them about to go around the left end. In No. 3 they have just started in this

play, the quarter back being about to pass the ball to the right half back while the left half and full back go ahead of him to interfere, as is their duty on all plays around the end. In No. 4 Thorne is about to receive the ball to go through the line. In this play the tackle and the guard shove their men aside, thus making an opening for the back who, if he reaches that opening at the right time, is expected to gain his distance and is only stopped by a half back of the other side. After this limbering-up work, in which the ball has been kicked off and returned or run in by the backs of the other side, comes the lining up for the first down (shown in No. 5). Then the hard work begins. In No. 6 the actual play can be seen. The right half back is to carry the ball around the left end. For his protection the left side of the line hold their men and the right side run around to his aid, starting almost simultaneously, while the opposing men of this same side of the line run across to intercept him. No. 7 shows a down after a man has been well tackled. No. 8 shows the half back after being downed, and the rest of the team coming up. In No. 9 the forwards have just jumped on the runner to prevent his crawling.

After the practice the men are sent in for their bath and rub-down, while those who have not had a chance to play keep up their wind by a lively sprint.—(See page 4.)
F. S. BUTTERWORTH.

SEMI-MONTHLY LIBRARY

OF

ONCE A WEEK

Forthcoming Novels:

A GLANCE at the following list of new novels, which will be published consecutively in the Semi-Monthly Library of *ONCE A WEEK*, will suffice to inform readers of the remarkable advantages to be gained by becoming subscribers to the Library. Every book on this list is a first-class novel, the names of the authors being in most cases a sufficient guarantee for the quality of work to be expected. Under ordinary conditions, it would be impossible to secure any of these books, on the first day of their appearance, for less than one dollar. By subscribing to *ONCE A WEEK* Library, the novels are secured and received immediately upon publication for the nominal cost of about six cents each. When the high price of the copyright of any one of these novels is taken into consideration (about \$5,000 each), it will be seen that the rates at which they are offered to subscribers are phenomenally low.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

A COMMON STORY.

BY the great Russian novelist, IVAN GONTCHAROFF.

LA BELLE MARQUISE.

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BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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BY WALTER BESANT.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEROLD STRASSE.

BY E. JUNKER.

THE WAY OF THE TRANS- GRESSOR.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

MISS GOOD FOR NOTHING.

BY W. HEIMBURG.

THE LITTLE MARCHIONESS.

BY PATROCINIO DE BIEDMA.

GLORIA VICTIS.

BY OSSIP SCHUBIN.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY JEAN DE LA BRETTE.

FREEDOM UNDER THE SNOW.

BY MAURICE JOKAI.

Young Wife—"Oh, George, there's small-pox in town, they say. What in the world would we do if baby should catch it?"

Young Husband—"By Jove! I hadn't thought of that; let's go and both be vaccinated right away."

THREE HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on September 11 and 25 and October 9, 1894.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent, or address G. H. Headford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The leading Athletes say, that all soreness, stiffness or swelling is prevented or almost instantaneously removed if, after exercising, the muscles are thoroughly rubbed with Pond's Extract. By its use the muscles are made quick and firm, and one is enabled to take his required amount of exercise each day, when without using Pond's Extract he would be prevented from work by lameness or stiffness. Irvaluable to Amateur Athletes and men in training.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Oct. 7.
I AM just back from the Grand Prix d'Automne. The course at Longchamps was brilliant with bewildering combinations of tulle, velvet and furs; with sparkling jets and embroideries, giving tone and richness to the scene. Velvet gowns were the order of the day; two made entirely of aubergine velvet were very conspicuous. This peculiar combination of magenta and purple is crude and unbecoming in daylight; but to-day, at least, it entirely surpassed blue and geranium pink in point of popularity. However, it can be very effectively used. A gown of dark aubergine velvet was most tastefully combined with dull-green cloth. A velvet shoulder cape of tan cloth had a pointed sable collar,

under panel of white kid, heavily embroidered with gold and tiny jet beads. There was a jacket front to the bodice rolling away from a tiny vest of embroidered kid. A wide green velvet hat, held under the chin with tiny velvet strings and covered with nodding, fluffy white ostrich plumes, completed this picturesque costume. A pretty girl wore a circular cape of aubergine cloth with a deep-pointed shorter cape of black astrakhan. The ruffled choker of aubergine velvet was held about the throat with a band of black ostrich tips. The chapeau had a ruffled brim made of a basket weave of narrow black satin ribbon and aubergine chenille. In each ruffle was a tiny black ostrich tip resting against the hair. A long coat worn by an English lady was of a pinkish shade of tan camel's-

to me by the clever modiste who invented it. It contains nine or ten yards of stuff, sewed into an enormous square. The skirt is cut in a circular fashion out of this square, the round opening slipped over the figure and then laid in the round fold. It is unnecessary to state that few figures look well in this skirt, but this American woman at the Grand Prix was extremely fetching. The bodice of her gown had a jacket of the velvet, short over the hips, but extending in long, slender tabs in the back. From under the bust to the waist the fronts of the jacket were buttoned down to the soft vest of red chiffon; above that, they turned away in flaring revers faced with the red cloth. The berths were of blue and red Florentine mosaic.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

DESCRIPTION OF CUTS.

A NOVEL HAT known as the Reversible is shown under two aspects in the cuts below. It may be worn with equally good effect with the point toward the front or with the points to the sides, leaving a square effect in front. It is of brown velvet, with the brim edged with jet, and is trimmed with folds of heliotrope velvet, black wings and an osprey. It is quite a triumph of ingenious millinery.

More elaborate is that large velvet hat, No. 1, made in black with the brim of the new chenille and straw plaiting; the trimming is of feathers and satin rosettes. The pretty bonnet in No. 2 has double crowns of velvet, resting on a bandeau with a pink rosette, while over the crown nod three feathers.

A lovely AUTUMN GOWN of dark-blue silk has a wavy line of gray upon its surface. The hem of the skirt is trimmed with a band of chinchilla. The bodice is of blue velvet with points of net embroidered in iridescent sequins. The plain yoke is of satin, and velvet bows stand upright on the shoulders.

Our artist was permitted to sketch some charming new costumes shown at Messrs. Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's last week. The first gown is of black satin combined with one of the many shades of blue. The skirt is very full, and has wide stripes of black alternating with blue. The five front stripes are handsomely embroidered in jet and steel beads. The bodice of blue accordion-plaited chiff-

on is covered with black chiffon. The richly embroidered front hangs loose from the shoulders and is turned under at the waist, producing a blouse effect. The back has an embroidered yoke extending under the arm to the front and edged with a lace frill. The belt and rosettes are of black chiffon and the collar of rose velvet. The upper parts of the sleeves are striped to correspond with the skirt. The lower are of black satin, embroidered.

The second figure wears a DINNER GOWN of pink shriveled silk. The low neck is finished with folds of pink satin ribbon and deep cream lace. The ribbon forms a large full bow on the right shoulder, is then brought down to the bust, wound round the back, forming more loops and one long end, and is continued diagonally

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

THE late Mrs. Marie Guise Newcomb was one of the greatest women painters that America has produced. An exhibition of her paintings in oil and water-colors, and studies in charcoal, is at present on view at the Holbein Studios on West Fifty-fifth Street. Lovers of pictures should not fail to see this interesting and valuable collection.

MISS LULU PIERCE, a young lady just out of her teens, has been appointed business manager of the Atlanta *Daily Press* to replace Major Charles E. McGregor, who was recently elected to the State Senate. Miss Pierce has already given proof of splendid business qualifications during two or three years' connection with the management of the People's party publication. One does not often hear of a lady business manager for a daily paper.

THE Princess of Wales and her daughters have, it is said, taken to riding tricycles. If rumor bestows truth, there will probably be a sudden resurrection of that somewhat despised cycling machine, among fashionable English people.

MME. MELBA was unable to sing at the concert at the Metropolitan Opera House on the 21st inst., to the infinite disgust of the audience. The *diva* was suffering from a severe cold, which prevented her also from filling an engagement she had in Boston for the 24th inst. She is better now.

MISS SUSAN TUCKER WHITTIER, daughter of General Whittier of New York, was married at Paris on October 23 to Prince Belosselsky Belozersky, son of the Czar's aide-de-camp. The civil ceremony took place first at the Mairie of the Eighth Arrondissement. The witnesses for the bride were Mr. James B. Eustis, United States Ambassador, and Mr. Town, send Burden of New York. The bride,



Between the two deep points in the back was a huge soft rosette of aubergine velvet. The hat of soft tan velvet had great sprawling asters, in all shades of purple, on it, one or two falling against the wearer's dark hair. The President's carriage, imposing with military guard and postillions in blue and white livery, opened the way around the Arc de Triomphe, and Madame la Presidente was seen for the first time with her husband in public. Mme. Casimir-Perier is a very distinguished-looking woman of about thirty-five, with regular, aristocratic features. She wore a black velvet cape heavily trimmed with jet and with a high rolling collar. A small ruffled capote of black velvet and jet set on her smoothly banded black hair. She wore no veil, and her skin stood well the test of the crisp autumn air.

A gown worn by the occupant of a victoria following close upon the President's carriage was of watered brown bengaline. The bodice, laid in full box-plaits, showed an under blouse of cornflower-blue velvet. The sleeves were of true Venetian style—puffs of the blue under straps of brown velvet. The large-brimmed hat was turned up on one side with rosettes of blue tulle and broad flat bunches of small brown tips.

Hats all show a flat, broad effect. They are trimmed on both sides with rosettes or flat bows; or turned up with the fan-shaped arrangement of trimming. A very unique toque was of two brown pheasant wings resting flat on the hair, with a small brown velvet chou just over the forehead. From this, extending over the wings, were loose yellow daisies.

A very effective gown worn at the races, and which I had an opportunity of examining in detail afterward, was of rich green velvet. The skirt was drawn up on one side sufficiently to show an

hair. The cloth was gathered into three box-plaits in the back; the double-breasted front falling straight as a man's *pardessus*, and fastened with large frogs of black caracule fur. A pointed cape of the same delicious fur was worn over this, the three points in the back holding down the box-plaits. The enormous sleeves were laid in box-plaits to the elbows, where they were met by high fur cuffs.

On the whole, it was England's day, and "Best Man's" victory was greeted with cheers from the large proportion of the English colony present. A blonde-haired English girl, of aristocratic birth, but sporting tendencies, owned to having won over a year's allowance on the race, much to the envy of the French demoiselles in her neighborhood, who were not allowed to bet, and to the disgust of the matrons who had not put their money on the English horse. This fortunate young woman wore, on this occasion, a perfectly fitting Princess gown of an invisible brown, green and black check. The gown was laid on each side in a double box-plait from neck to hem, a wide black ribbon belt passing under the plaits and tying in front in a smart square bow. The bottom of the skirt between the plaits was trimmed with vertical strips of black inch-wide braid edged with tiny brass buttons set closely together. The sleeves had a high cuff trimmed in a similar manner.

A black cloth suit worn by a young woman in the same group was effectively trimmed about the hem with a perforated design over white silk and heavily jetted. The surplice waist had the front of the perforated cloth over white silk carried round and fastened under the left arm with bows and huge ends of white watered ribbon. Long white gloves met the full elbow sleeves after the French fashion and the hat alone gave color to the suit. It was of dull-rose velvet, trimmed with broad green velvet leaves which were sprinkled with jet beads.

The beautiful Spanish dancer Otéro, who will be remembered as making a mild success at the Eden Musée four years ago, was shown to advantage in her favorite black costume—a mass of fluffy chiffon, jet and velvet, hard to describe save in general effect.

I saw very few Americans there. Most of the summer visitors have sailed away, and the winter residents seemed to think it hardly worth their while to return so early to Paris. The Americans, over here at least, do not take the keen interest in sports that the English and French do. Still, American women always hold their own, and one of the smartest frocks there was worn by a pretty New Yorker. It was of a blue plaid velvet with a broken stripe of red in it, and dark-red, smooth-faced cloth. The skirt had a short yoke of the velvet, and below that the cloth was laid in round folds all about the figure, giving an extremely bouffant effect. The cut of this novel skirt has been explained

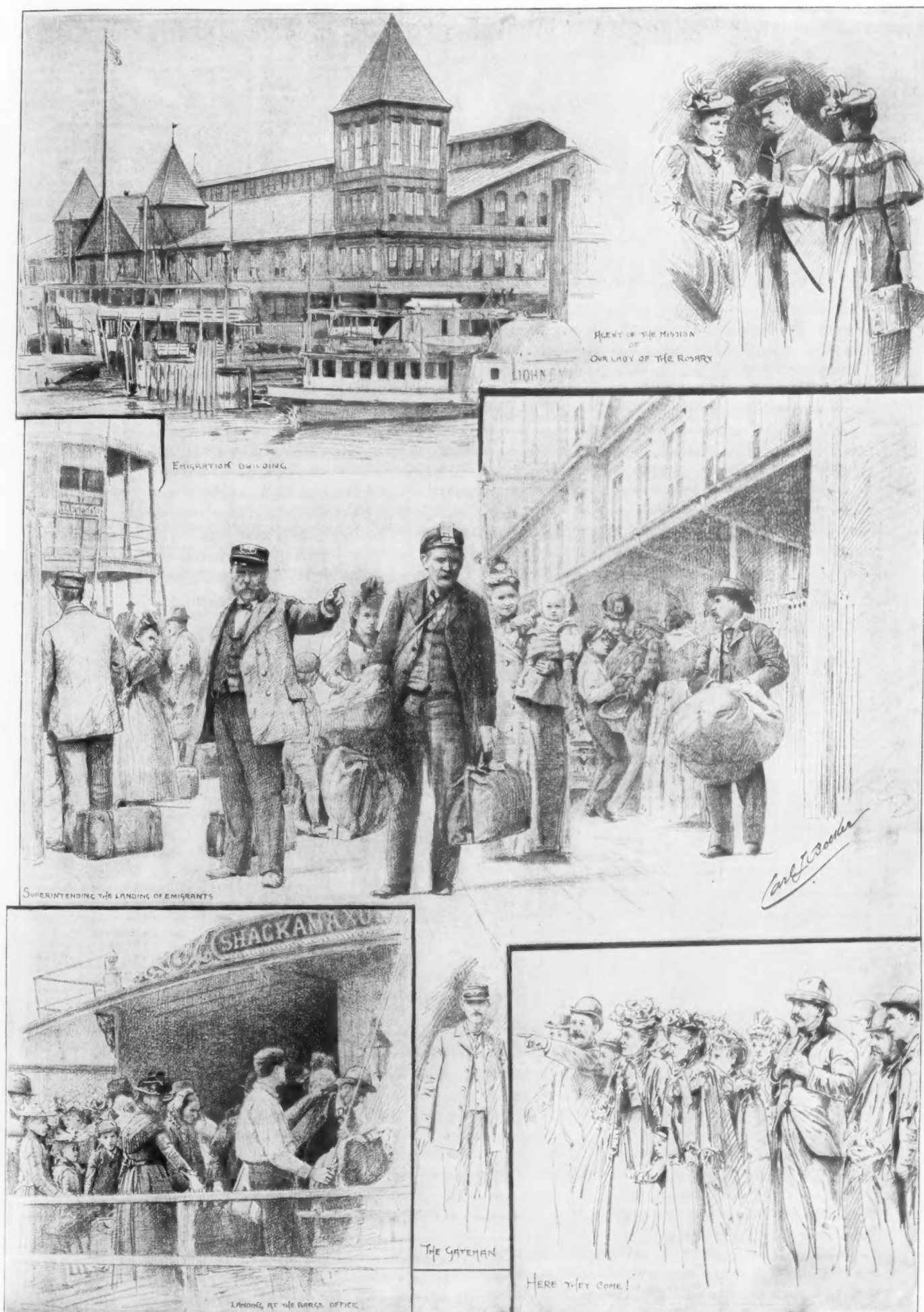


to me by the clever modiste who invented it. It contains nine or ten yards of stuff, sewed into an enormous square. The skirt is cut in a circular fashion out of this square, the round opening slipped over the figure and then laid in the round fold. It is unnecessary to state that few figures look well in this skirt, but this American woman at the Grand Prix was extremely fetching. The bodice of her gown had a jacket of the velvet, short over the hips, but extending in long, slender tabs in the back. From under the bust to the waist the fronts of the jacket were buttoned down to the soft vest of red chiffon; above that, they turned away in flaring revers faced with the red cloth. The berths were of blue and red Florentine mosaic.

The second figure wears a DINNER GOWN of pink shriveled silk. The low neck is finished with folds of pink satin ribbon and deep cream lace. The ribbon forms a large full bow on the right shoulder, is then brought down to the bust, wound round the back, forming more loops and one long end, and is continued diagonally

groom's witnesses were Baron Fredericks military attaché of the Russian Embassy, and Prince Arsene Karageorgevitch. The religious ceremony was held the following day in the Russian Church in the Rue Daru, and again in the American Church of the Holy Trinity. The marriage was quite private, owing to the condition of the Czar. The Prince is a handsome young man of twenty-eight, and as Miss Whittier is not an heiress, the marriage is purely the result of a love affair.

Mlle. REJANE, the popular French actress, will come to New York early in the winter with her own company under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. She will appear in "Madame Sans-Gêne," "Ma Cousine" and other well-known plays.



THE GREAT IMMIGRANT DEPOT AT ELLIS ISLAND.

(Specially drawn for ONCE A WEEK by CARL J. BECKER.)

(See page 15.)



Our Astrologer

J. H. B., N. Y.—You were born with the sign Scorpio rising, and are governed by Mars. You are rather tall, with dark-brown hair, sanguine complexion and gray eyes. In disposition, you are rather passionate, and take offense easily. All of your planets, except Mars, are under the Earth, and so disposed as to give you not a very promising Horoscope. You would do fairly well in business, and would never be exactly poor; but you would see a great deal of financial trouble. You would hardly remain in the same business, or with the same employers a long time at once; would make many and frequent changes, and they would usually be for the better. The best part of your life would be after you had passed middle age. Your health would not suffer from long illnesses, but you would be subject to disorder of the bladder and kidneys and to throat trouble. You would be likely to marry at the age of twenty-six; a young woman shorter than yourself and stouter, with light hair and blue eyes; she would have several children, but you would not raise them all beyond infancy. You had evil periods at 7, 13, 19 and 21 years of age; a particularly evil one this summer. Your fortunes will not be good for another year or two—then much better for a long time.



Jacob J. H., Baltimore.—You were born with the Sun and Mercury rising in Aquarius, and should be rather stout, not tall, with brown hair, full face; proud in your nature, but just and kind; ingenious, and probably inventive. You are bold and courageous, determined and persevering. You have a taste for the fine arts, and may have some talent for singing or music. Generally speaking you are well adapted for intellectual culture. You have very good promise of ultimate success in life, but it would be more likely to come late to you than early. You are naturally improvident and careless of expenditures, very generous, yet determined to acquire wealth. You are fond of travel, and would make many short journeys which would be of advantage to you. It does not appear that you would marry; and, if you did, you would not find prosperity or happiness in the marriage state. You will suffer some from chest troubles, but should have good health as a rule, and a long life. You should do the best you can in establishing your fortunes between now and 1897, as a period of evil will then overtake you, and last some time. You will doubtless at some time inherit property, but it will not be without annoyance and trouble.



Alf. R. B., Chicago.—You were born with Saturn rising in the sign Sagittarius, and are probably of medium height, rather stout, hair brown or light brown; in disposition you are reserved, obliging, quick witted, inclined to be studious, and very well equipped intellectually. You have not so fortunate a Horoscope for

your affairs as you have for your capacity, either as a business man or in a more strictly intellectual vocation. You have the apparent ability that should command success; yet, without any direct or obvious reason you will find it often slip through your fingers. You are likely to be over-generous to improvidence, and money will not stay by you very long. You are ambitious, quick at figures, and have a comprehensive mind able to entertain many different projects at once. You have refined tastes, are interested in music, the arts and sciences generally, and you will very probably do better at something that makes demands upon you in one or another of these directions, than in trade or commerce. Having the most of your planets beneath the Earth, you will have your best success late in life. It is very possible that you would be successful in some vocation connected with literature, and with correspondence, and short journeys. You would gain by association with prominent and influential persons, rather than through your ordinary acquaintance. You have not a favorable outlook for marriage, and it is doubtful if you ever do marry; and marriage would prove unfortunate for you through domestic trouble. Your indications for health are good, your weak spot being your throat. You had evil aspects in 1875, 1882, 1892-93; good ones in 1889-91; there is no evil impending for some years to come of any grave importance.

C. F. G., Bay City.—Born under the combined influence of Herschel in the Ascendant, in Cancer, in evil aspect to Neptune in the Mid-Heaven, yours is certain to be a varied and eventful life, offering many strange and inexplicable problems through its frequent and unexpected succession of reverses and successes. You are rather short and inclined to be corpulent, complexion pale, brown hair, gray eyes; doubtless inclined to drink. You will acquire money, and will probably become well off; but you are unlikely to stick to any business or vocation. You will not marry very young, and your wife is described as of medium height, thin and dark; you may marry more than once. You will marry well, and may obtain money with your wife. You are likely to travel long journeys—sea voyages—and they will be to your advantage. There will be some family troubles and altercations; and the best part of your life will be before you have passed middle age. You are apt to be suspicious, but



you will really have but few enemies. Your health will suffer from chest troubles, and from rheumatism in your lower limbs; but you will doubtless live to old age. Some business connected with the water or liquids will be best for you. The past six years have been evil for you, as you have been afflicted by both Saturn and Herschel; but the latter part of this year and until 1899 will be much more favorable; you will then begin to suffer in your health.

Mamie A., Toronto.—You were born with the sign Virgo on the Ascendant, and Mars and Jupiter rising in Libra, and should be rather above the medium height, with brown hair, sanguine complexion, well formed, and of a social and agreeable disposition. You are spirited, quick tempered, and somewhat rash. So far as your personal life is concerned, it will be generally fortunate. Your troubles will come from others; especially from undesirable acquaintances who will want to be your friends. You have the best aspects for good health and a long life, and for the acquisition of means. You have a great deal of courage and self-reliance; would be an excellent person by the sick-bed, or in a case of emergency. You will be fond of movement and change, and will doubtless travel a good deal—short journeys, and with advantage to yourself. You have an excellent intellectual organ-

ization; are fond of music and singing, and will naturally be interested in the refinements and the artistic side of life. At the same time, you have a good head



for business, and should be quick at figures. You appear likely not to marry very early. Your husband is described as very much of your own general type and style, but not so dark; generous and obliging, and an excellent match. You should have a very comfortable and happy married life. You should enjoy good health—your troubles being intestinal and nervous. You have probably a scar, mole or birthmark on the face or head. The last few years have not been fortunate for you, as you have been under evil aspects from Herschel and Saturn; but these will soon be past, and there will be no serious trouble before you for many years.



S. C. P., Ohio.—This lady was born with nearly all her planets in the West. Sagittarius rising, and Jupiter, lord of that sign and ruler of her destiny, in excellent position and under favorable aspects. She should be tall and commanding in appearance, sanguine complexion, light-brown hair, face rather long. She would be fond of outdoor exercise and recreation, of horses and riding. Her Horoscope shows a great deal of activity, with both short and long journeys; as to which she will occasionally be unfortunate as regards accidents, especially on the water. She is somewhat inclined to be jealous, and a little obstinate in holding to her opinions; but then she will be very likely to be right. She has an inclination toward art, and ought to be a good mimic, and to possess the dramatic quality. There are no indications of wealth in this nativity, though the lady is likely to inherit property or to obtain it by marriage, if not both. The aspects are favorable to marriage, though she would hardly have married very young. Her husband is described as being a large-boned man, with light-brown hair and sanguine complexion, much of her own general style, and with an admirable disposition. Her health should be good and her life long; she might suffer from rheumatism in the arms and shoulders, and from throat disorder. This lady has indications of taking an interest in religious work, though with her own views about its conduct. She has had trouble during the past few years, but the immediate future is clear of misfortune.



Eugene A., Houston.—You were born with the zodiacal sign Capricornus rising, and are under the dominion of the planet

Saturn, at the time of your birth setting in Leo. You would be of medium height, with dark hair and complexion, long face; in disposition inclined to be capricious and jealous, quick witted, apt to be over-generous, and inclined to rashness. You would have fluctuating fortunes; and, especially in regard to speculation, would need to exercise great caution. Still, with ordinary care, there is no reason why you should not do fairly well in the world—without ever becoming wealthy. You would find the period of your life after middle age the most successful, as a rule, and will not be likely to experience any serious misfortune after 1896, for some years; up to that time you will have your ruling planet, Saturn, in your Mid-Heaven, where it has been since the beginning of 1894—a position unfavorable to your fortunes. You are not shown to have married very early in life; your wife is described as rather tall, with brown hair, gray eyes and sanguine complexion; an ambitious, aspiring woman, who would desire to rule. You should have generally good health, with a tendency toward chest troubles and rheumatism and there are no indications of a short life. Your Horoscope does not harmonize well, and it is possible that your birth-hour may be incorrect; but the nativity is accurate in accordance with the data given.

K. B. H., Texas.—You were born with Mercury rising in the sign Libra, well aspected by the other planets, and should be of medium height, full bodied, with round face, brown or light-brown hair. You are of the mercurial temperament, and are ingenious, will make a good orator, are fond of music and the arts, and should be trained to an artistic or scientific vocation, or to literature or journalism; as, if your birth-hour is correctly given, you would do better in these lines than in business; the accuracy of your Horoscope of course depends on that of the coupon furnished. There is every reason for believing that you will have a successful life, and achieve a position, if you take advantage of every possible opportunity for education. You should have a very bright mind, and ought to



learn easily; while you appear to have marked natural gifts in a scientific or other intellectual direction. You are liable, however, to be extravagant; and any speculative business would go badly with you. If you marry, it will probably be early in life, but marriage does not look fortunate for you. Your wife would be tall, with a clear complexion, round face, light hair, proud, passionate and generous; or, you might pass her over to marry one of shorter stature and stouter, with complexion not so clear; both are indicated. You had evil periods in 1880, 1883, 1886, 1890; and the period since then has not been favorable. After 1898 will be your fortunate time, and for a good many years. Your physical troubles will be in your head and your feet.

The greatly increasing interest felt in the art of Astrology has determined ONCE A WEEK to publish hereafter an Astrological Department, under the direction of a skilled astrologer. Any person filling out one of the coupons printed in each issue of ONCE A WEEK, and sending it to this office, with one dollar, to pay the necessary expense, will have published a brief Nativity and a Chart of the Heavens at the time of birth. Comply absolutely with the directions; write with ink, and plainly; in giving birth-hour, state if A.M. or P.M. No attention will be paid to coupons not correctly filled. Address: Astrological Department; ONCE A WEEK.

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